

THE  
Whole Contention  
betweene the two Famous  
Houles, LANCASTER and  
YORKE.

*With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke  
Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke,  
and King Henrie the  
sixt.*

Diuided into two Parts : And newly corrected and  
enlarged. Written by *William Shake-  
speare, Gent.*



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The first part of the Contention of the two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humfrey.

*Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixt, and Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Buckingham, Cardinall Beauford, and others.*

*Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marques of Suffolke, and Queen Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and Warwick.*

*Suffolke.*

**A**S by your high Imperiall Maiesties command,  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As Procurator for your Excellence,  
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;  
So in the ancient famous Citty Towers,  
In presence of the Kings of *France* and *Cyffile*,  
The Dukes of *Orleanse*, *Calabar*, *Britaine*, and *Alonson*.  
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and twenty reuerend Byshops,  
I did performe my taske, and was espoused,  
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,  
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,  
Deliuer vp my title in the Queene  
Vnto your gracious Excellence, that are the substance  
Of that great shadow I did represent :  
The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,  
The fairest Queene that euer King possessest.

*The contention of the two famous Houses*

*King. Suffolke arise.*

Welcome Queene *Margaret* to English *Henries* Court,  
The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,  
Is this kinde kisse: O gracious God of heauen,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulnessse,  
For in this beauteous face thou hast bestowd  
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

*Queene.* Th' excessiue loue I beare vnto your Grace,  
Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,  
Least I should speake more then becommes a woman:  
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,  
And nothing can make poore *Margaret* miserable,  
Vnlesse the frowne of mighty *Englands* king.

*King.* Her lookes did wound, but now her speech doth pierce  
Louely Queene *Margaret* sit downe by my side:  
And Vnkle *Gloster*, and you Lordly Peeres,  
With one voyce welcome my beloued Queene.

*All.* Long liue Queene *Margaret*, *Englands* happinesse.

*Queene.* VVe thanke you all.

*Sound trumpets*

*Suffolke.* My Lord Protector, so it please your Grace,  
Heere are the Articles confirmd, of peace  
Betweene our Soueraigne and the French king *Charles*,  
Till terme of eighteene months be full expir'd.

*Hum.* *Inprimis*, It is agreed betweene the French king *Charles*  
and *William de la Pole* Marquesse of *Suffolke*, Embassador for  
*Henry* king of England, that the saide *Henry* shal wed & espouse  
the Lady *Margaret*, daughter to *Raynard* King of *Naples*, *Cyffels*,  
and *Ierusalem*, and crowne her Queene of England, ere the thir-  
ty day of the next month.

*Item.* It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutchesse  
of *Anioy* and of *Maine*, shall be released and deliuered ouer to  
the King her fa——

*Duke Humfrey lets it fall.*

*King.* How now vnckle, whats the matter that you stay so so-  
dainly.

*Hum.* Pardon my Lord, a sodaine qualme came ore my heart,  
which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.

My

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

My Lord of Yorke, I pray do you reade on.

*Yorke.* Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Dutchesse of *Anioy* and of *Mayne*, shall bee released and deliuered ouer to the King her father, and she sent ouer of the king of Englands owne proper cost and charges, without dowry.

*King.* They please vs well, Lord Marquesse kneele downe: we heere create thee first Duke of Suffolke, and girt thee with the sword. Cofin of Yorke, wee heere discharge your Grace from being Regent in the parts of *France*, till terme of 18. months be full expirde.

Thankes vnckle *Winchester*, *Gloster*, *Yorke*, and *Buckingham*, *Somerset*, *Salisbury*, and *Warwicke*.

We thanke you for all this great fauour done,  
In entertainment to my Princely Queene,  
Come let vs in, and with all speede prouide  
To see her Coronation be performd.

*Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke, & Duke Humphrey  
Stages all the rest.*

*Hum.* Braue Peeres of England, pillers of the State,  
To you Duke *Humphrey* must vnfold his greefe,  
What did my brother *Henry* toile himselfe,  
And waste his subiects for to conquer *France*?  
And did my brother *Bedford* spend his time,  
To keepe in awe this stout vnruely Realme?  
And haue not I and mine vnckle *Bewford* heere,  
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?  
And is all our labours then spent quite in vaine?  
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,  
Hath giuen away for our King *Henries* Queene,  
The Dutchesse of *Anioy* and *Mayne* vnto her father.  
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage, cancelling our states,  
Reuerfing monuments of conquered *France*,  
Vndoing all, as none had nere beene done.

*Card.* Why how now cofin *Gloster*, what needs this?  
As if our King were bound vnto your will,  
And might not do his will without your leaue,  
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,  
That dares presume gainst thatby Soueraigne likes.

*Hum.* Nay my Lords, tis not my words that troubles you,  
But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art:  
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to speake.  
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,  
I prophesied *France* would be lost ere long.

*Exit Duke Humfrey.*

*Card.* There goes our Protector in a rage.  
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,  
And though he be Protector of the Land,  
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts.  
For you well see, if he but walke the streetes,  
The common people swarme about him straight,  
Crying Iesus blesse your royall excellence,  
With God preserue the good Duke *Humfrey*,  
And many things besides that are not knowne,  
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke *Humfrey*.  
But I will after him, and if I can,  
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his seate.

*Exit Cardinall.*

*Buck.* But let vs watch this haughty Cardinall,  
Cofin of *Somer* set be rulde by me,  
Weele watch duke *Humfrey* and the Cardinall too,  
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

*Somer.* Thankes cofin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,  
And both of vs with the duke of *Suffolke*.  
Weele quickly heaue duke *Humfrey* from his seate.

*Buck.* Content, come then let vs about it straight,  
For either thou or I will be Protector.

*Exit Buckingham and Somerset.*

*Sal.* Pride went before, ambition followes after,  
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,  
My Lords let vs seeke for our Countreys goods.  
Oft haue I seene this haughty Cardinall  
Sweare, and forswear himselfe, and braue it out,  
More like a *Ruffian* then a man of the Church.

Cofine

*Torke and Lancaster.*

Cosin *Torke*, the victories thou hast wonne,  
In *Ireland*, *Normandy*, and in *France*,  
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in *England*.  
And thou braue *Warwicke*, my thrice valiant sonne,  
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,  
Hath won thee credit amongst the common sort,  
The reuerence of mine age, and *Neuels* name,  
Is of no little force if I command,  
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,  
That good duke *Humfrey* may his state possesse,  
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke* my noble sonne.

*War.* For greefe that all is lost that *Warwicke* won,  
*Sonnes. Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen away at once,  
Why *Warwick* did win them, & must that then which we wonne  
with our swords, be giuen away with words.

*Torke.* As I haue read, our Kings of *England* were wont to haue  
large dowries with their wiues, but our king *Henry* giues a-  
way his owne.

*Sals.* Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

*War.* Vnto the *Maine*, Oh father *Maine* is lost,  
Which *Warwicke* by maine force did vvin from *France*,  
*Maine* chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,  
Which I vwill vvin from *France*, or else bee slaine.

*Exit Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*Torke.* *Anioy* and *Maine*, both giuen vnto the French,  
Cold neeves for me, for I had hope of *France*,  
Euen as I haue of fertile *England*.  
A day will come when *Torke* shall claime his owne,  
And therefore I will take the *Neuels* parts,  
And make a shew of loue to proud duke *Humfrey*:  
And when I spy aduantage, claime the Crowne,  
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit:  
Nor shall proud *Lancaster* vsurpe my right,  
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish fist,  
Nor weare the diadem vpon his head,  
Whose Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne:  
Then *Torke* be still a while till time doe serue,

*Watche*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,  
To pry into the secrets of the state,  
Till *Henry* surfetting in ioyes of loue,  
With his new Bride, and Englands deere bought Queene,  
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be false at iarres,  
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,  
With whose sweet smell the ayre shall be perfumde,  
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Torke*,  
To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*:  
And force perforce, ile make him yeelde the Crowne,  
Whose bookish rule hath Pild faire England downe.

*Exit Torke.*

*Enter Duke Humfrey, and Dame Eleanor,  
Cobham his wife.*

*Elnor.* Why droopes my Lord like over-ripened Corne,  
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load,  
What see'st thou Duke *Humfrey* King *Henries* Crowne?  
Reach at it, and if thine arme bee too short,  
Mine shall lengthen it. Art thou not a Prince?  
Vnckle to the King? and his Protector?  
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde?

*Hum.* My louely *Nell*, farre be it from my heart,  
To thinke of treasons gainst my Soueraigne Lord,  
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,  
And God I pray, it do betide none ill.

*Elnor.* What dreamt my Lord? Good *Humfrey* tell it me,  
And ile interpret it: and when thats done,  
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

*Hum.* This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt  
That this my staffe, mine Office badge in Court,  
Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot gesse:  
But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes  
God knowes; and on the ends were plac'd  
The heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerset*,  
And *William de la Pale* first Duke of *Suffolke*.

*Elnor.* Tush



*York and Lancaster.*

*Elnor.* Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,  
That he that breakes a stick of Glosters groue,  
Shall for the offence make forget of his head.  
But now my Lord ile tell you what I dreamt,  
Methought I was in the Cathedrall Church  
At Westminster, and seated in the chaire  
Where Kings and Queenes are crown'd, and at my feete  
*Henry* and *Margaret* with a Crowne of Gold,  
Stood ready to set it on my Princely head.

*Hum.* Fie *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,  
Art thou not second woman in this land,  
And the Protector's wife? below'd of him?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus?  
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

*Elnor.* How now my Lord, what angry with your *Nell*  
For telling but her dreame? The next I haue  
Ile keepe it to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

*Hum.* Nay *Nell*, ile giue no credit to a dreame,  
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* And it please your Grace, the King and Queen to morrow morning will ride a hawking to S. Albones, & craues your company along with them.

*Hum.* With all my heart; I will attend his Grace.  
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs I am sure.

*Exit Humfrey.*

*Elnor.* Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,  
As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde:  
Were I a man, and Protector as he is,  
I'de reach to th Crowne, or make some hop headlesse.  
And being but a woman, ile not behinde  
For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to crosse me thus:  
Who is within there?

*Enter for John Hum.*

What Sir *John Hum*, what newes with you?

B

*Sir John.*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Sir Iohn.* Iesus preserve your Maiefty.

*Elnor.* My Maiefty: why man, I am but Grace.

*Sir Iohn.* I, but by the grace of God, and *Hams* aduice,  
Your Graces state shall be aduanc'd ere long.

*Elnor.* What, hast thou conferr'd with *Margery Iourdain*, the  
cunning witch of *Rye*, with *Roger Bullenbrooke* and the rest? and  
will they vndertake to do me good?

*Sir Iohn.* I haue *Madam*, and they haue promised me to raise  
a spirit from depth of vnder ground, that shall tell your Grace  
all questions you demand.

*Elnor.* Thankes good *sir Iohn*,  
Some two dayes hence I gesse will fit our time,  
Then see that they be heere:  
For now the King is riding to *Saint Albones*,  
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him.  
When they be gone, then safely may they come,  
And on the backe side of my Orchard heere,  
There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,  
And so resolute of the thing we wish,  
Till when, drinke that for my sake, and so farewell.

*Exit Elnor.*

*Sir Iohn.* Now *sir Iohn Ham*, No words but mum,  
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be:  
These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.  
The Dutchesse she thinkes now that all is well,  
But I haue Gold comes from another place,  
From one that hyred me to set her on,  
To plot these treasons gainst the King and Peeres;  
And that is the mighty Duke of Suffolke.  
For he it is, but I must not say so,  
That by my meanes must worke the Dutchesse fall,  
Who now by Coniurations thinkes to rise.  
But whist *sir Iohn*, no more of that I tro,  
For feare you lose your head before you go. *Exit*

*Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the Armourers man.*

*1. Petit.* Come sirs lets linger here abouts a while,  
Vntill

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,  
That we may shew his Grace our seuerall causes.

*2. Petit.* I pray God saue the Good Duke *Humfries* life,  
For but for him a many were vndone,  
That cannot get no succour in the Court.  
But see where he comes with the *Queene*.

*Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they take  
him for Duke Humfrey, and giues  
him their writings.*

*1. Petit.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

*Queene.* Now good-fellows, whom would you speak withal?

*2. Petit.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protector's  
Grace.

*Qu.* Are your suites to his Grace? Let vs see them first,  
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

*Suffolke.* A Complaint against the Cardinals man.  
What hath he done?

*2. Petit.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,  
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to finde them.

*Suff.* Hath he stole thy wife? that's some iniury indeede.  
But what say you?

*Peter Thumpe.* Marry sir I come to tell you, that my Mayster  
saide, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire to the Crown, and  
that the King was an vsurer.

*Queene.* An vsurper, thou wouldst say.

*Peter.* I forsooth, an vsurper.

*Queene.* Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

*Peter.* No forsooth; I saide my maister saide so, th'other day  
when wee were scowring the Duke of Yorkes armour in our  
Garret.

*Suf.* I marry, this is something like,  
Who's within there?

*Enter one or two.*

Sirra, take in this fellow, and keepe him close,



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And send out a Pursuant for his master straight,  
Weele heere more of this thing before the King.

*Exit with the Armourer's man.*

Now Sir, what's yours? Let me see it,  
What's heere?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke, for enclosing the  
commons of long Melford.

How now sir knave?

1. *Petit.* I beseech your Grace to pardon me, I am but a Mes-  
senger for the whole towne-ship.

*He teares the Papers.*

*Suffolke.* So now shew your petitions to Duke Humfrey.

Villaines get you gone, and come not neere the Court,

Dare these peasants write against me thus?

*Exit Petitioners.*

*Queene.* My Lord of Suffolke you may see by this,

The Commons loues vnto that haughty Duke,

That seekes to him more then to King Henry:

Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,

And nere regards the honor of his name,

But still must be protected like a childe,

And governed by that ambitious Duke,

That scarce will mooue his cap to speake to vs,

And his proud wife, high-minded *Elanor*,

That ruffles it with such a troope of Ladies,

As strangers in the Court take her for *Queene*:

She beares a Dukes whole reuennewes on her backe.

The other day she vanted to her maides,

That the very traine of her worst gowne,

Was worth more wealth then all my fathers landes.

Can any greefe of minde be like to this?

I tell thee *Pole*, when thou didst run at Tilt,

And stolst away our Ladies hearts in France,

I thought King Henry had bene like to thee,

Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

*Suff.* Madam, content your selfe a little while,

As I was cause of your coming into England,

*So.*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

So will I in England worke your full content:  
And as for proud Duke *Humphrey* and his wife,  
I haue set lime twigs that will entangle them,  
As that your Grace ere long shall vnderstand.  
But stay Madame, heere comes the King.

*Enter King Henrie, and the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Sommer-  
set on both sides of the King, whispering with him: Then entereth  
Duke Humphrey, Dame Eleanor, the Duke of Buckingham, the  
Earle of Salisbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of  
Winchester.*

*King.* My Lords I care not who be Regent in France, or *Yorke*  
or *Somerset*, all's one to me.

*Yorke.* My Lord, if *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himselfe,  
Let *Somerset* enioy his place, and go to Fraunce.

*Som.* Then whom your grace thinkes worthy, let him goe,  
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

*Warwicke.* Whomsoever you account worthy,  
*Yorke* is the worthiest.

*Card.* Peace *Warwicke*, giue thy betters leaue to speake.

*War.* The Cardinall's not my better in the fielde.

*Buck.* All in this place are thy betters farre.

*War.* And *Warwicke* may liue to be best of all.

*Queene.* My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that *Somerset*  
were Regent ouer France.

*Hum.* Madame, our King is olde enough himselfe,  
To giue his answer without your consent.

*Queene.* If he be old enough, what needs your Grace  
To be Protector ouer him so long.

*Hum.* Madam, I am but Protector ore the Land,  
And when it please his Grace, I will resigne my charge.

*Suffolke.* Resigne it then, for since thou wast a King  
(As who is King but thee:) the common state  
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,  
And Millions of treasure hath beene spent.  
And as for the Regentship of France,

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

I say *Somerset* is more worthy then *Yorke*.

*Yorke*, He tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthy,  
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

*War.* And yet the worthy deeds that *Yorke* hath done,  
Should make him worthy to be honoured heere.

*Suf.* Peace head-strong *Warwicke*.

*War.* Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

*Suf.* Because heere is a man accusde of Treason,  
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himselfe.  
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

*Enter the Armourer and his man.*

If it please your Grace, this fellow here, hath accused his master  
of high Treason, and his wordes were these: That the Duke of  
*Yorke* was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your Grace  
was an vsurper.

*Yorke.* I beseech your Grace let him haue what punnishment  
the Law will affoord for his villany.

*King.* Come hither fellow, didst thou speake these words?

*Arm.* An't shall please your worship, I neuer sayde any such  
matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsely accused by this villen  
heere.

*Peter.* Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

*Yorke.* I beseech your Grace, let him haue the Law.

*Armorer,* Alas master, hang me if euer I spake the words. My  
accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault  
the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he would be euen  
with mee: I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech  
your worship do not cast away an honest man for a villaines ac-  
cusation.

*King.* Vncle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

*Hum.* The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,  
That a day of combate be appointed,  
And there to try each others right or wrong,  
With *Eben* staues and Sandbags, combatting  
In Smithfield, before your royall Maicesty.

*Armour.* And I accept the combate willingly.

*Exit Humphrey.*  
*Peter*



*Torke and Lancaster.*

*Peter.* Alasse my Lord, I am not able for to fight.

*Suf.* You must either fight sirra, or else be hang'd :

Go take them hence againe to prison. *Exit with them.*

*The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Dutchesse of  
Closter, a boxe on the eare.*

*Queene.* Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you not see ?

*Shee strikes her.*

I cry you mercy Madam, I did mistake,

I did not thinke it had bene you.

*Elnor.* Did you not proud French-woman ?

Could I come neere your dainty visage with my nayles,  
I'de set my ten command'ments in your face.

*King.* Be patient gentle Auut,  
It was against her will.

*Elnor.* Against her will. Good King shee'll dandle thee,  
If thou wilt alwayes thus be rul'd by her,  
But let it rest : as sure as I do liue,  
She shall not strike Dame *Elnor* vnreueng'd.

*Exit Elnor.*

*King.* Belecue me my loue, thou wert much too blame :  
I would not for a thousand pounds of Gold,  
My Noble Vnckle had bene heere in place.

*Enter Duke Humfrey.*

But see where he comes : I am glad he met her not.  
Vnkle Gloster, what answer makes your Grace,  
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,  
Whom thinks your Grace is meetest for to send.

*Hum.* My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,  
For that these words the Armourer should speake,  
Doth breede suspition on the part of Yorke,  
Let Somerset be Regent ore the French,  
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.

*King.* Then be it so, my Lord of Somerset,  
We make your Grace Regent over the French,  
And to defend our right 'gainst forraigne foes,

*And*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
And so do good vnto the Realme of France,  
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,  
The time of truce I thinke is full expir'd.

*Somer.* I humbly thanke your royall Maiesty,  
And take my leaue to poste with speed to France.

*Exit Somerset.*

*King.* Come Vnkle Gloster, now let's haue our horse,  
For we will to Saint Albones presently,  
Madam your Hawke they say is swift of flight,  
And we will try how she will flye to day.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Elnor, with Sir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer,  
and Margery Iourdaine a Witch.*

*Elnor.* Heere sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,  
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,  
And I will stand vpon this Tower heere,  
And heare the spirit what it sayes to you:  
And to my questions, write the answers downe.

*She goes up to the Tower.*

*Sir Iohn.* Now first begin, and cast your spels about,  
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,  
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

*Witch.* Then Roger Bullenbrooke about thy taske,  
And frame a circle heere vpon the earth,  
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,  
Do talke and whisper with the Diuels below,  
And coniure them for to obey my will.

*Shee lyes downe vpon her face.*

*Bullenbrooke makes a Circle.*

*Bullen.* Darke night, dread night, the silence of the night,  
Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,  
Send vp I charge you from *Sosens* Lake,  
The spirit *Ascalon* to come to mee,  
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,  
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,

*Ascalon*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Ascalon, Affenda, affenda.*

*It Thunders and Lightens, and then the Spirite  
riseth up.*

*Spirit.* Now Bullenbrooke what wouldst thou haue me doe?

*Bullen.* First of the King, what shall become of him?

*Spirit.* The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* shall depose,  
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.

*Bullen.* What fate awaites the Duke of *Suffolke*.

*Spirit.* By water shall he die, and take his end.

*Bullen.* What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?

*Spirit.* Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandy  
plaines, then where Castles mounted stand:  
Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

*He sinkes downe againe.*

*Bullen.* Then downe I say, vnto the damned poole,  
Where Pluto in his fiery waggon fits,  
Riding amidst the sing'd and parched smoakes,  
The rode of *Dytas* by the Riuer *Stix*:  
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,  
Rise *Iourdain* rise, and stay thy charming Spels.  
Zounds, we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Bucking-  
ham, and others.*

*Yorke.* Come sirs, lay hands on them, and binde them sure.  
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?  
This will be great credit for your husband,  
That you are plotting treasons thus with Coniurers,  
The King shall haue notice of this thing.

*Exit Elnor alone.*

*Buck.* See heere my Lord, what the diuell hath writ.

*Yorke.* Giue it me my Lord, Ile shew it to the King:  
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

*Exit with them.*

*Buck.* My Lord, I pray you let me go poste vnto the King,  
Vnto *S. Albones*, to tell this newes.

*Yorke.* Content. Away then, about it straight.

C

*Buck.*



*The contention of the two famous Houses,  
Buck. Farewell my Lord.*

*Exit Buckingham.*

*Torke. Whose within there?*

*Enter one.*

*One. My Lord.*

*Torke. Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salisbury and Warwick to  
sup with me to night.*

*Exit Torke.*

*One. I will my Lord.*

*Exit.*

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist, and Duke  
Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if  
they came from Hawking.*

*Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last flight?  
But as I cast her off the winde did rise,  
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.*

*King. How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,  
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,  
Vnkle Gloster, how hye your hawke did soe,  
And on a sodaine soue'd the Partridge downe.*

*Suff. No maruell if it please your Maiesty,  
My Lord Protectors hawkes do towre so well,  
They know their master sores a Faulcons pitch.*

*Hum. Faith my Lord, it's but a base minde,  
That sores no higher then a bird can soe.*

*Card. I thought your Grace would be aboue the clouds.*

*Hum. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good  
Your grace could fly to heauen.*

*Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beate  
on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to smoothe it  
thus with King and Gommonwealth.*

*Hum. How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church  
men so hot? Good vnkle can you do't.*

*Suf. Why not, hauing so good a quarrell, and so bad a cause?*

*Hum. As how, my Lord?*

*Suf. As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Prote-  
ctorship.*

*Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.*

*Queene.*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Queene.* And thy ambition Gloster,

*King.* Cease gentle Queene, and whette not on these furious  
Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

*Card.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

*Hum.* Faith holy Vnkle, I would it were come to that.

*Card.* Euen when thou dar'st.

*Hum.* Dare: I tel thee Priest, Plantagenets could neuer brook  
the dare.

*Card.* I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne to Iohn of  
Gaunt.

*Hum.* In bastardy.

*Card.* I scorne thy words.

*Hum.* Make vppe no factious numbers, but euen in thine owne  
person meete me at the East end of the groue.

*Card.* Here's my hand, I will.

*King.* Why how now Lords?

*Card.* Faith Cofin Gloster, had not your man cast off so soone,  
we had had more sport to day, Come with thy sword and Buck-  
ler.

*Hum.* Gods mother Priest Ile shaue your crowne.

*Card.* Protector, protect thy selfe well.

*King.* The winde growes high, so dothy our choller Lords.

*Enter one crying a miracle, a miracle.*

How now? Now sirra, what miracle is it?

*One.* And it please your Grace, there is a man that came blind  
to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at the shrine.

*King.* Go fetch him hether, that wee may glorifie the lord with  
him.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, with Mun-  
ficke, bearing the man that had bene blind between  
two in a chaire*

*King.* Thou happy man, giue God eternall praise,  
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:  
Where wast thou borne?

*Poore man.* At Barwicke please your Maiesty in the North.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Hum.* At Barwicke, and come thus farre for helpe.

*Poore man.* I fir, it was told me in my sleepe,  
That sweete Saint Albones should giue me my sight againe.

*Hum.* What are lame too?

*P. man.* I indeede fir, God helpe me.

*Hum.* How camst thou lame?

*P. man.* With falling off a plum tree.

*Hum.* Wert thou blind & would climb plumtreest?

*P. man.* Neuer but once fir in-all my life,  
My wife did long for plummes.

*Hum.* But tell me, wert thou borne blinde?

*P. man.* I truly fir.

*Woman.* I indeed fir, he was borne blinde.

*Hum.* What art thou his mother?

*Woman.* His wife fir.

*Hum.* Hadst thou beene his mother,  
Thou couldst haue better tolde.

Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

*P. man.* Yes truly master, as cleare as day.

*Hum.* Sayst thou so: what colour's his cloake?

*P. man.* Red master, as red as blood.

*Hum.* And his cloake?

*P. man.* Why that's greene.

*Hum.* And what colour's his hose?

*P. man.* Yellow master, yellow as gold.

*Hum.* And what colour's my Gowne?

*P. man.* Blacke fir, as blacke as Iet.

*King.* Then belike he knowes what colour ist is on.

*Jus.* And yet I thinke Iet did he neuer see.

*Hum.* But clokes & gowns ere this day many a one.  
But tell me firra, what's my name?

*P. man.* Alas master I know not.

*Hum.* What's his name?

*P. man.* I know not.

*Hum.* Nor his?

*P. man.* No truly fir.

*Hum.* Nor his name?

*P. man.*



*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*P. man.* No indeede master.

*Hum.* Whats thine owne name?

*P. man.* Sander, and it please you maister.

*Hum.* Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene borne blinde, thou mightst aswel haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours wee do weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodainly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, S. Albones heere hath done a miracle, & would you not think his cunning to bee great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.

*P. man.* Oh master I would you could.

*Hum.* My Masters of S. Albones, Haue you not Beadles in your Towne, And things call'd whippes?

*Mayor.* Yes my Lord, if it please your Grace.

*Hum.* Then send for one presently.

*Mayor.* Sirra, go fetch the Beadle hither straight. *Exit one.*

*Hum.* Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.  
Now sirra, if you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,  
Leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away.

*Enter a Beadle.*

*P. man.* Alas master I am not able to stand alone,  
You go about to torture me in vaine.

*Hum.* VVell sir, we must haue you finde your legges.  
Sirra Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.

*Beadle.* I will my Lord, come on sirra, off with your Doublet quickly.

*Poore man.* Alas master what shall I do, I am not able to stand.

*After the Beadle hath hit him one stroke, he leapes ouer the stoole, and runnes away, and they run after him, crying a Myracle, a Myracle.*

*Hum.* A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, and whipt through euery Market Towne till he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.

*Mayor.* It shall be done my Lord. *Exit Mayor.*

*Suf.* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to goe.

*Humph.* I, but you did greater wonders, when you made whole  
Dukedomes flye in a day.  
*Witnesse France.*

*King.* Haue done I say, and let me heare no more of that.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham.*

What newes brings *Duke Humfrey of Buckingham*?

*Buck.* Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,  
That proud dame *Elnor* our *Protectors* Wife,  
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,  
By witchcrafts, forceries, and coniurings,  
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,  
To tell her what hap should betide the State,  
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,  
By *Yorke* and my selfe they were all surpriz'de,  
And heeres the answer the diuell did make to them.

*King.* First of the King, what shall become of him?

*Reads.* The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* shall depose,  
Yet him out-live, and die a violent death.

Gods will be done in all.

What fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolke*?

By water shall he die and take his end.

*Suffolke.* By water must the Duke of *Suffolke* die?

It must be so, or else the diuell doth lie.

*King.* Let *Somer set* shun Castles,

For safer shall he be vpon the sandy plaines,  
Then where Castles mounted stand.

*Card.* Heeres good stuffe, how now my Lord *Protector*,  
This newes I thinke hath turnd your weapons point,  
I am in doubt youle scarcely keepe your promise.

*Humph.* Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my greefe,  
And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,  
For heere I sweare vnto your Maiesty,  
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes  
Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done,  
And for she would betray her soueraigne Lord,  
I heere renounce her from my bed and board,

And

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

And leaue her open for the law to iudge,  
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.

*King.* Come my Lords, this night wee le lodge in *S. Albones*,  
And to morrow we will ride to London,  
And trie the vtmost of these treasons forth;  
Come vnckle Gloster along with vs,  
My minde doth tell me thou art innocent.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salisbury  
and Warwicke.*

*Yorke.* My Lords, our simple supper ended thus,  
Let me reueale vnto your honors heere,  
The right and title of the house of Yorke  
To Englands Crowne by lineall descent.

*War.* Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,  
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.

*Yorke.* Then thus my Lords,  
*Edward* the third had seuen sonnes,  
The first was *Edward* the blacke Prince,  
Prince of *Wales*.

The second was *William* of *Hatfield*,  
Who dyed young.  
The third was *Lyonell*, Duke of *Clarence*.

The fourth was *John* of *Gaunt*,  
The Duke of *Lancaster*.

The fift was *Edmund* of *Langley*,  
Duke of *Yorke*.

The sixt was *William* of *Windfore*,  
Who dyed young.

The seauenth and last was *Sir Thomas* of *Woodstocke*, Duke of  
*Yorke*.

Now *Edward* the blacke Prince dyed before his Father, leauing  
behinde him two sonnes, *Edward* borne at *Angolesme*, who died  
young, and *Richard* that was after crowned King, by the name of  
*Richard* the second, who dyed without an heyre.

*Lyonell*



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

L  
Lyonell Duke of Clarence dyed, and left him one only daughter, named *Phillip*, who was married to Edmund Mortimer earle of March and Vlfster: and so by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, third sonne to Edward the third. Now sir, in time of Richards reigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claim'd the Crowne, deposd the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomfret Castle harmeleffe Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

*Sal.* Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard in the reigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owen Glendour had bene King.

*Yorke.* True: but so it fortun'd then, by meanes of that monstrous rebell Glendour, the noble Duke of Yorke was putte to death, and so euer since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the younger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the Kingdome.

*Warwicke.* VVhat proceedings can be more plain, he claimes it from Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lionels issue failes, his should not reigne. It sayles not yet, but flourisheth in thee and in thy sonnes, braue slips of such a stocke. Then noble father, kneele we both together, & in this priuate place, be we the first to honour him with birth-right to the Crowne.

*Both.* Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

*Yorke.* I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster.

*War.* Then Yorke aduise thy selfe, and take thy time,  
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,  
And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,  
And then to guard it, will I rowse the Beare,  
Enuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged staues,  
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,

Mauger

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Mauger the proudest Lord of *Henries* blood,  
That dares deny the right and claime of *Yorke*,  
For why, my minde presageth I shall liue  
To see the noble Duke of *Yorke* to be a King.

*Yorke*. Thanks noble *Warwicke*, and *Yorke* doth hope to see,  
The Earle of *Warwicke* liue, to bee the greatest man in England,  
but the King. Come lets goe.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King Henry and the Queene, Duke Humfrey, the Duke of Suffolke, and the Duke of Buckingham, the Cardinall, and Dame Elnor Cobham, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*King*. Stand forth Dame *Elnor Cobham* Dutches of *Gloster*, and heare the sentence pronounced against thee for these treasons, that thou hast committed gainst Vs, our State and Peeres.

First for thy hainous crime, thou shalt two dayes in London do pennance barefoot in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy body, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Isle of Man, there to end thy wretched daies; and this is our sentence irreuocable. Away with her.

*Elnor*. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

*Exit some with Elnor.*

*King*. Greeue not noble *Vnckle*, but be thou glad,  
In that these treasons thus are come to light,  
Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,  
For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

*Humph*. Oh gracious *Henry*, giue me leaue a while,  
To leaue your Grace, and to depart away,  
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,  
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,  
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

*King*. With all my hart good vnckle, whē you please  
Yet ere thou goest, *Humfrey* resigne thy staffe,  
For *Henry* will be no more protected,  
The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

D

*Humph.*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Hum.* My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all,  
My staffe, I yeelde as willing to be thine,  
As ere thy Noble father made it mine:  
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,  
As others would ambitiously receiue it,  
And long hereafter, when I am dead and gone,  
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

*King.* Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,  
No lesse belou'd of vs, then when  
Thou wert Protector ouer this my land. *Exit Gloster.*

*Queene.* Take vp the staffe, for heere it ought to stand,  
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

*Yorke.* Please it your Maiestie, this is the day  
That was appointed for the combating  
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,  
And they are ready when your Grace doth please.

*King.* Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him  
so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him,  
and his staffe with a sandbag fastened to it, and at the other doore  
his man with a drum and sandbag, and Prentises drinking to him.*

*1 Neighbor.* Here neighbour Horner, I drinke to you in a cup  
of Sacke; and feare not neighbor, you shall do well enough.

*2 Neigh.* And here neighbor, here's a cup of Charneco.

*3 Neigh.* Here's a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke  
and be merry, and feare not your man.

*Arm.* Let it come, yfaith lie pledge you all,  
And a figge for Peter.

*1 Pren.* Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affraid.

*2 Pren.* Here Peter, here's a pinte of Claret wine for thee.

*3 Pren.* And here's a quart for me, and be merry Peter,  
And feare not thy master, fight for credit of the Prentises.

*Peter.* I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more:  
Heere Robin, and if I dye, heere I giue thee my hammer,  
And Will thou shalt haue my aterne: and heere Tom,

**Take**



*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Take all the money that I haue.

O Lord blesse me I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

*Salis.* Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.

Sirra, what's thy name?

*Pet.* Peter forsooth.

*Sals.* Peter : what more?

*Pet.* Thumpe.

*Sals.* Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.

*Arm.* Here's to thee Neighbour, fill all the pots againe, for before wee fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde; for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation, to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue : and so haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuis of South-hampton fell vppon Ascapart.

*Pet.* Law you now, I told you hee's in his fence already.

*Alarmes,* Peter hits him on the head and fels him.

*Arm.* Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason. *He dies.*

*Pet.* O God I giue thee praise. *He kneels downe*

*Pren.* Ho well done Peter. God saue the King.

*King.* Go take hence that Traitor from our fight,

For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,

And God in iustice hath reueal'd to vs

The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,

Which he had thought to haue murdered wrongfully.

Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Duke Humfrey and his men, in mourning cloakes.*

*Hum.* Sirra, what's a clocke?

*Seruing.* Almost ten my Lord.

*Hum.* Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,  
That my poore Lady should come by this way,  
In shamefull penance wandering in the streets.  
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke  
The abiect people gazing on thy face,  
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,  
That erst did follow thy proud Chariot wheelles,

*bluod?*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.

*Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white shoote about her,  
with a wake Candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe &  
pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir Iohn  
Standly, and Officers, with Bills and Holbards.*

*Serving.* My gracious Lord, see wher my Lady comes,  
Please it your grace, weele take her from the Sheriffes?

*Humph.* I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,  
Nor offer once to draw a weapon heere,  
But let them do their office as they should.

*Elnor.* Come you my Lord to see my open shame?  
Ah *Gloster*, now thou dost penance too,  
See how the giddy people looke at thee,  
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,  
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,  
And in thy pent vp study rue my shame,  
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

*Hum.* Ah *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, forget this extreme grieke,  
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

*Elnor.* Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my selfe,  
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,  
The thought of this doth kill my wofull heart.  
The ruthlesse flintes do cut my tender feete,  
And when I start, the cruell people laugh,  
And bids me be aduised how I tread,  
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,  
Malde vp in shame, with papers on my backe,  
Ah *Gloster*, can I endure this and liue?  
Sometime ile say I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,  
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,  
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I his fore-lorne Dutchesse  
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,  
To euery idle rascald follower.

*Humphrey.* My louely *Nell*, what wouldst thou haue me do?

Should

*Torke and Lancaſter.*

Should I attempt to reſcue thee from hence,  
I ſhould incurre the danger of the law,  
And thy diſgrace would not be ſhaddowed ſo.

*Elnor.* Be thou milde, and ſtir not at my diſgrace,  
Vntill the axe of death hang ore thy head,  
As ſhortly ſure it will. For Suffolke he,  
The new made Duke, that may do all in all  
With her that loues him ſo, and hates vs all,  
And impious *Torke*, and *Beauford* that falſe Priſt,  
Haue all lynde baſhes to betray thy wings,  
And flye thou how thou canſt, they will entangle thee.

*Enter a Herald of Armes.*

*Herald.* I ſummon your Grace vnto his Highnes Parliament,  
holden at *S. Edmunds-Bury*, the firſt of the next Month.

*Hum.* A Parliament, and our conſent neuer craude  
Therein before. This is ————  
Well, we will be there. *Exit Herald.*

Maſter Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further againſt my  
Lady, then the courſe of law extends.

*Sher.* Pleaſe it your Grace, my office here doth end,  
And I muſt deliuer her to Sir *Iohn Standly*.  
To be conducted into the Iſle of Man.

*Humfrey.* Muſt you ſir *Iohn* conduct my Lady?

*Standly.* I my gracious Lord, for ſo it is decreed,  
And I am ſo commanded by the King.

*Humph.* I pray you ſir *Iohn*, vſe her nere the worſe,  
In that I intreate you to vſe her well.  
The world may ſmile againe, and I may liue  
To do you fauour, if you do it her,  
And ſo ſir *Iohn* farewell.

*Elnor.* What gone my Lord, and bid not me farewell?

*Humph.* Witneſſe my bleeding heart, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake.

*Exit Humfrey and his men.*

*Elnor.* Then is he gone, is noble Gloſter gone,  
And doth Duke *Humfrey* now forſake me too?  
Then let me haſte from out faire Englands bounds,  
Come *Standly* come, and let vs haſte away.



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Standly.* Madam let's go into some house heereby,  
Where you may shift your selfe before we go.

*Elnor* Ah good Sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid,  
Nor put away with casting off my sheete:  
But come let vs go, master Sheriffe farewell,  
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter to the Parliament.*

*Enter two Herald before, then the Duke of Buckingham, the Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Winchester, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicks.*

*King.* I wonder our Ynkle Gloster staves so long.

*Queene.* Can you not see? or will you not perceiue,  
How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?

The time hath beene, but now the time is past,

That none so humble as Duke Humfrey was:

But now let one meete him euen in the morne,

When euery one will giue the time of day,

Yet he will neither moue nor speake to vs.

See you not how the Commons follow him

In troopes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humfrey,

Honouring him as if he were their King?

Gloster is no little man in England,

And if he list to stirre commotions,

Tis likely that the people will follow him.

My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,

Then let it passe, and call't a Womans feare.

My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,

Disproue my allegations if you can,

And by your speeches, if you can repproue me,

I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.

*Suf.* Well hath your Grace foreseene into that Duke,

And if I had beene licenc'd first to speake,

I thinke I should haue told your Graces tale.

Smooth runnes the brooke, y whereas the streame is deepest.

No,

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

No, no, my Soueraigne, Gloster is a man  
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceite.

*Enter the Duke of Somerset.*

*King.* Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

*Somer.* Cold newes my Lord, and this it is.  
That all your holds and Townes within those Territories  
Is ouercome my Lord; all is lost.

*King.* Cold newes indeede Lord Somerset,  
but Gods will bee done.

*Yorke.* Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue of fertile England.

*Enter Duke Humfrey.*

*Hum.* Pardon my Liege, that I haue staide so long.

*Suf.* Nay Gloster know, that thou art come too soone,  
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,  
We do arrest thee on high Treason heere.

*Hum.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me blush,  
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest  
Whereof I am guilty, who are my accusers?

*Yorke.* Tis thought my lord your grace took bribes from Frace,  
And stopt the soldiers of their pay,  
Through which his Maiesty hath lost all France.

*Hum.* Is it but thought so? And who are they that thinke so?  
So God me helpe, as I haue watcht the night,  
Euer intending good for England still,  
That peny that euer I tooke from France,  
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.  
I neuer rob'd the soldiers of their pay;  
Many a pound of mine owne proper cost  
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,  
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

*Car.* In your Protectorship you did deuise  
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes  
England hath beene defam'd by tyrannie.

*Hum.* Why ris well knowne, that whilst I was Protector  
Pitty was all the fault that was in me:  
A murderer or foule felonious Theefe,

That

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

That robs and murders silly passengers,  
I torturd about the rate of common law.

*Suff.* Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,  
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,  
I do arrest thee on high treason here,  
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,  
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

*King.* Good vnto the obey to his arrest,  
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,  
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

*Hum.* Ah gracious *Henry*, these dayes are dangerous  
And would my death might end these miseries,  
And stay their moodes for good King *Henrys* sake.  
But I am made the Prologue to their play,  
And thousands more must follow after me.  
That dreads not yet their liues destruction.

*Suffolkes* hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,  
*Bewfords* fiery eyes shewes his enuious minde,  
*Buckingham*s proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoghts,  
And dogged *York* that leuels at the Moone,  
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.  
All you haue ioynd to betray me thus:

And you my gracious Lady and soueraigne Mistresse,  
Causlesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
I shall not want false witness enough,  
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.  
The Prouerbe no doubt will be perform'd,  
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

*Suff.* Doth he not twis our soueraigne Lady here,  
As if that she with ignominious wrong,  
Had suborn'd or hired some to sweare against his life.

*Qu.* But I can giue the loser leaue to speake.  
*Hum.* Farther spoke then meant, I lose indeed,  
Besheew the winners hearts, they play me false.

*Back.* Heele weelt the fence, and keepe vs here al day.  
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

*Car.* Who's within there? Take in Duke *Humfrey*,

And



*Yorke and Lancaster.*

And see him garded sure within my house.

*Hum.* Oh, thus King *Henry* casts away his crouch,  
Before his legs can beare his body vp,  
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,  
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first,  
Far well my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy  
Thy fathers happy daies, free from annoy.

*Exit Humfrey with the Cardinals men.*

*King.* My Lords, what to your wisdoms shal seem best  
Do and vndo as if our selfe were heere.

*Qu.* What, wil your highnesse leaue the Parliament?

*King.* I *Margaret*, My heart is kild with griefe,  
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,  
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.

*Exit King, Salisbury and Warwicke.*

*Qu.* Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,  
*Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke and Somerset.*  
Let vs consult of proud Duke *Humfries* fall,  
In mine opinion it were good he dide,  
For safety of our King and Common-wealth.

*Suff.* And so thinke I Madam, for as you know,  
If our King *Henry* had shooke hands with death,  
Duke *Humfrey* then would looke to be our King:  
And it may be by pollicie he workes,  
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,  
The Foxe barks not when he would steale the Lamb,  
But if we take him ere he do the deed,  
We should not question if that he should liue.

*Yorke.* No, let him die, in that he is a Foxe,  
Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

*Car.* Then let him die before the Commons know,  
For feare that they do rise in armes for him.

*Yorke.* Then do it sodainly my Lords.

*Suff.* Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

*Car.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Qu.* How now sir, what newes?

E

*Messen.*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Messen.* Madame, I bring you newes from *Ireland*,  
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in armes,  
With troupes of Irish Kernes, that vncontrolde  
Doth plant themselves within the English pale,  
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they go.

*Qu.* What redresse shall we haue for this, My Lords?

*Yorke.* I were good that my Lord of *Somerfet*  
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,  
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,  
He did so much good when he was in France.

*Somer.* Had *Yorke* bene there with all his farre fetcht  
Pollicies, he might haue lost as much as I.

*Yorke.* I, for *Yorke* would haue lost his life, before  
That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.

*Somer.* I so thou mightst, and yet haue gouern'd worse then I.

*Yorke.* What, worse then naught? then a shame take all.

*Somer.* Shame on thy selfe, that wisneth shame.

*Queen.* *Somerfet* forbear, good *Yorke* be patient,  
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,  
With troopes of armed men, to quell the pride  
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

*Yorke.* Well Madame, sith your Grace is so content,  
Let me haue some bandes of chosen soldiers,  
And *Yorke* shall trie his fortunes 'gainst those Kernes.

*Queen.* *Yorke* thou shalt. My Lord of *Buckingham*,  
Let it be it your charge to muster vp such soldiers  
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.

*Buck.* Madame I will, and leuie such a band  
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels.  
But *Yorke*, where shall those Soldiours stay for thee?

*Yorke.* At *Bristow*, I'll expect them ten daies hence.

*Buck.* Then thither shall they come, and so farwell.

*Exit Buck.*

*Yorke.* Adieu my Lord of *Buckingham*.

*Queen.* *Suffolke*, remember what you haue to do,  
And you Lord *Cardinall*, concerning Duke *Hunfrey*.  
I were good that you did see to it in time,

*Come*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Come let vs go, that it may be perform'd.

*Exit omnes, Manet Yorke.*

*Yorke.* Now Yorke bethinke thy selfe, and rouze thee vp,  
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,  
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine,  
T'was men I lackt, and now they giue them me,  
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,  
I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,  
*John Cade of Asbford,*  
Vnder the title of *John Mortimer,*  
(For he is like him euery kinde of way)  
To raise commotion, and by that meanes  
I shall perceiue how the common people  
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,  
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,  
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,  
To reape the haruest which that coystrell sowed,  
Now if he should be taken and condemn'd,  
Hee'l nere confesse that I did set him on,  
And therefore ere I go ile send him word,  
To put in practise and to gather head,  
That so soone as I am gone he may begin  
To rise in armes with troopes of country swaines,  
To helpe him to performe this enterprize.  
And then Duke *Humfrey*, he well made away,  
None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,  
But Yorke can tame, and headlong pull them downe.

*Exit Yorke.*

*Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke Humfrey is discovered in his bed, and two men tying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed.*

*And then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.*

*Suff.* How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

*One* I my Lord, hee's dead I warrant you.

*Suff.* Then see the cloathes laid smoothe about him still,  
That when the King comes, he may perceiue  
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

2. All things is handsome now my Lord.

*Suf.* Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gon,  
And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

*Exit murderers.*

*Enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke  
of Somerset, and the Cardinall.*

*King.* My Lord of Suffolke go call our Vnkle Gloster,  
Tell him this day we will that he do cleere himselfe.

*Suffolke.* I will my Lord.

*Exit Suffolke.*

*K.* And good my Lords proceed no further 'gainst our vnkle,  
Then by iust prooffe you can affirme:  
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse Lambe,  
So is he innocent of treason to our Seate.

*Enter Suffolke.*

How now Suffolke, where's our Vnkle?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my Lord of Glosters dead.

*The King falls in a fount.*

*Queene.* Aye me, the King is dead: helpe, helpe, my Lords.

*Suf.* Comfort my Lord, gracious *Henry* comfort.

*King.* What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?  
Came he euen now to sing a Ravens note,  
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,  
By crying comfort through a hollow voyce,  
Can satisfie my greefes, or ease my heart?  
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,  
For euen in thine eye-balls murder fits:  
Yet do not goe. Come Basiliske  
And kill the gazer with thy lookes.

*Queene.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,  
As if that he had caus'd Duke *Hamfray* death?  
The Duke and I too you know were enemies,  
And y'had best say that I did murder him.

*King.* Ah woe is me for wretched Glosters death.

*Qu.* Be woe for me more wretched then he was:  
What dost thou turne away and hide thy face?  
I am no loathsome Leaper, looke on me.  
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,

*And*

*of Torke and Lancaster.*

And thrice by aukward winds driuen back frō Englāds bounds?  
What might it bode, but that well foretelling  
Winds said, Seeke not a scorpions nest.

*Enter the Earles of Warwick & Salisbury.*

*War.* My Lord, The Commons like an hungry hieue of Bees,  
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,  
For good Duke *Humfries* death, whom they report  
To be murdered by *Suffolke* and the Cardinall heere.

*King.* That he is dead good *Warwicke*, is too true,  
But how he dyed God knowes, not *Henry*.

*War.* Enter his priuy chamber my Lord, and view the body.  
Good father stay you with the rude multitude, till I returne.

*Salisb.* I will sonne.

*Exit Salisbury.*

*Warwicke drawes the Curtaines, and shewes Duke Ham-  
frey in his bed.*

*King.* Ah Ynkle *Gloster*, heauen receiue thy soule,  
Farewell poore *Henries* ioy now thou art gone.

*War.* Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him,  
To free vs from his Fathers dreadfull curse,  
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laide  
Vpon the life of this thrice famous Duke.

*Suf.* A dreadfull oath, sworne with a solemne tongue,  
What instance giues Lord *Warwicke* for these words?

*War.* Oft haue I seene a timely parted Ghost,  
Of ashy semblance, pale and bloodlesse;  
But loe the blood is settled in his face,  
More better coloured then when he liu'd.  
His well proportion'd beard made rough and sterne,  
His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,  
Yet was by strength surpris'd, the least of these are probable,  
It cannot choose but he was murdered.

*Qu.* *Suffolke*, and the Cardinall had him in charge,  
And they I trust fir, are no murderers.

*War.* I, but tis well knowne they were not his friends,  
And tis well seene he found some enemies.

*Card.* But haue ye no greater proofes then these?

*War.* Who sees a heyser dead and bleeding flesh,

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And sees hard by a butcher with an Axe,  
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?  
Who finds the Partridge in the puttockes nest,  
But will imagine how the bird came there,  
Although the Kyte sore with vnblondy beake?  
Euen so suspitious is this Tragedy.

*Qu.* Are you the Kyte *Bowford*, where's his talents?  
Is *Suffolke* the butcher, where's his knife?

*Suffolke.* I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,  
Yet here's a vengefull sword rusted with ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,  
That slanders me with murders Crimson badge,  
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
That I am guilty in Duke *Humfries* death.

*Exit Cardinal*

*War.* What dares not *Warwicke*, if false *Suffolke* dare him?

*Qu.* He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogane controller,  
Though *Suffolke* dare him twenty hundred times.

*War.* Madam be still, with reuerence may I say it,  
That euery word you speake in his defence,  
Is slander to your royall Maiesty.

*Suf.* Blunt, witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,  
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,  
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,  
Some sterne vntutor'd Churle, and Noble stocke  
Was graft with Crab-tree slip, whose fruite thou art,  
And neuer of the *Neuels* noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,  
And I should rob the deathsmans of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
And that my soueraignes presence makes mee more,  
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees,  
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say it was thy mother that thou meantst:  
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardy,  
And after all this fearefull homage done,

*Giue*



*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Giue thee thy hire, and send thee downe to hell,  
Pernitious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

*Suf.* Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shed thy blood,  
If from this presence thou dare go with mee.

*War.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

*Warwicke puls him out.*

*Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons within, cries,  
downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter againe,  
the Duke of Suffolke and Warwicke, with their weapons drawne.*

*King.* Why how now Lords?

*Suff.* The traiterous *Warwicke*, with the men of *Berry*,  
Set all vpon me mightie Soueraigne.

*The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke; downe with  
Suffolke. And then enter from them, the Earle  
of Salisbury.*

*Salisb.* My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,  
That vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,  
Or banished faire Englands Territories,  
That they will erre from your highnesse person:  
They say by him the good Duke Humfrey dyed,  
They say by him they feare the ruine of the Realme,  
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,  
They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

*Suf.* Indeed tis like the Commons, rude vnpolisht hinde  
Would send such message to their Soueraigne:  
But you my Lord were glad to be imploy'd,  
To try how quaint an Orator you were:  
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath got,  
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,  
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

*The Commons cries,  
an answer from the King my Lord of Salisbury.*

*King.* Good *Salisbury* go backe againe to them,  
Tell them we thanke them all for their kinde care,  
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,  
My selfe had done it. Therefore heere I sweare,  
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place  
Where I haue rule, but three dayes more, he dies. *Exit Salisbury*

*Q<sup>u</sup>.*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Qu.* Oh Henry, reverse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.

*King.* Voe gentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,  
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,  
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is irreuocable.  
Come good *Warwicke*, and go thou in with me,  
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

*Exit King and Warwicke, Maier Qu. and Suffolke.*

*Queene.* Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,  
There's two of you, the diuell make the third,  
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

*Suff.* A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?  
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes grones,  
I would inuent as many bitter termes,  
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With twice so many signes of deadly hate,  
As leane fac'd enuy in her loathsome caue.  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,  
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,  
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,  
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,  
And now me-thinkes my burthened heart would breake,  
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,  
Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.  
Their sweetest shade a groue of Cypresse trees,  
Their softest touch as smart as lyzards stings,  
Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hisse.  
And boding scritch-owles make the consort full.  
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

*Qu.* Enough sweete Suffolke, thou torments thy selfe.

*Suff.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me cease?  
Now by this ground that I am banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winters night,  
And standing naked on a Mountaine top,  
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,  
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

*Queene.*

*Yerke and Lancaster.*

*Queene.* No more, Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,  
Or liue where thou wilt within this worlds globe,  
Ile haue an Irish that shalt finde thee out,  
And long thou shalt not stay, but ile haue thee repeald,  
Or venter to be banished my selfe.  
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,  
That when thou see'st it, thou maist thinke on me.  
Away I say, that I may feele my grieffe,  
For it is nothing whilst thou standest heere.

*Suffolke.* Thus is poore *Suffolke* ten times banished,  
Once by the King, but three times thrice by thee.

*Enter Vawse.*

*Queene.* How now, whither goes *Vawse* so fast?

*Vawse.* To signifie vnto his Maiesty,  
That Cardinall *Bewford* is at point of death,  
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were mad,  
Sometimes he calls vpon Duke *Humphries* Ghost,  
And whispers to his Pillow as to him,  
And sometimes he calls to speake vnto the King,  
And I am going to certifie vnto his Grace,  
That euen now he cald aloud for him.

*Queene.* Go then good *Vawse* and certifie the King.

*Exit Vawse.*

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,  
And woe am I for *Bewfords* heauy end.  
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art heere?  
Sweete *Suffolke* hie thee hence to *France*,  
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

*Suff.* And if I go I cannot liue: but heere to die,  
VVhat were it else, but like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Heere could I breathe my soule into the ayre,  
as milde and gentle as the new borne babe,  
That dies with mothers dugs betweene his lips,  
VVhere from my sight I should be raging madde,  
and call for thee to close mine eyes,  
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,  
That I might breathe it so into thy body,

F

and



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,  
By thee to die, were but to dye in ieast,  
From thee to dye, were torment more then death,  
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

*Queene.* Oh mightst thou stay with safety of thy life,  
Then shouldst thou stay, but heauens deny it,  
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.

*Suff.* I goe.

*Queene.* And take my heart with thee.

*She kisseth him.*

*Suff.* A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,  
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,  
Thus like a splitted Barke, so sunder we,  
This way fall I to death.

*Exit Suffolke.*

*Queene.* This way for me.

*Exit Queene.*

*Enter King and Salisbury, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the  
Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were  
mad.*

*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,  
I'll giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Island.

*King.* Oh, see my Lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,  
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.

*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?

What would you haue me to do then?

Can I make men liue whether they will or no?

Sirra, go fetch me the poyson which the Pothicary sent me.

Oh, see where Duke *Humfries* ghost doth stand,

And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe his haire,  
So now hee's gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

*Sal.* See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart.

*King.* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,  
Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs. *Car. dies.*

Oh see he dyes, and makes no signe at all,

Oh God forgiue his soule.

*Sal.* So bad an end did neuer none behold,  
But as his death, so was his life in all.

*King*

*Torke and Lancaster.*

*King.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,  
For God will iudge vs all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals perform'd.

*Exit omnes.*

*Alarmer within, and the Chambers bee discharged, like as it were a  
fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship, and the Ma-  
ster, and the Masters mate, and the Duke of Suffolke disguised, and  
others with him, & Water Whickmore.*

*Cap.* Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,  
Vnlade their goods with speed, and sincke their ship,  
Here Master, this prisoner I giue to you.  
This other, the Masters mate shall haue,  
And *Water Whickmore* thou shalt haue this man,  
And let them pay their ransome ere they passe.

*Suffolke. Water!*

*He starteth.*

*Water.* How now, what dost feare me?  
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

*Suff.* It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.  
I do remember well, a cunning wizzard told me,  
That by *Water* I should dye:  
Yet let not that make thee bloody minded,  
Thy name being rightly sounded,  
Is *Gualter*, not *Walter*.

*Walter.* *Gualter* or *Water*, al's one to me,  
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

*Suff.* I am a Gentleman, looke on my Ring,  
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.

*Walter.* I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,  
And therefore ere I Merchant-like sell blood for gold,  
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

*2. Prison.* But what shall our ransomes be?

*Mai.* A hundred pounds a peece eyther pay that or dye.

*2. Prison.* Then saue our liues, it shall be paide.

*Water.* Come sirra, thy life shall be the ransome I wil haue.

*Suff.* Stay villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*

*Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

*Suff.* I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,  
*Ione* sometime went disguisde, and why not I?

*Cap.* I, but *Ione* was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

*Suff.* Base lady groome, King *Henries* blood,  
The honourable blood of *Lancaster*,  
Cannot be shed by such a lowly swaine,  
I am sent ambassador for the Queene to France,  
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

*Cap.* Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him hence,  
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

*Suff.* Thou dar'st not for thine owne.

*Cap.* Yes Pole.

*Suffolke. Pole.*

*Cap.* I Pole, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,  
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the  
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that  
Smild'st at good Duke *Hamfries* death,  
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

*Suffolke.* This villaine being but Captaine of a Pinnis,  
Threatens more plagues then mighty *Abradas*,  
The great *Macedonian* Pyrate,  
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

*Cap.* I but my deeds shall stay thy fury soone.

*Suffolke.* Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,  
When we haue feasted with Queene *Margaret*?  
Hast not thou kist thy hand, and held my stirrop?  
and bare-head plodded by my footclooth Mule,  
and thought thee happy when I smilde on thee?  
This hand hath writ in thy defence,  
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish tongue.

*Cap.* Away with him *Water*, I say, and off with his head.

*1. Prison.* Good my Lord, entreate him mildly for your life.

*Suff.* First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,  
Before this knee do bow to any,



*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King :  
Suffolkes imperiall tongue cannot plead  
To such a Iadie groome.

*Water.* Come, come, why do we let him speake ?  
I long to haue his head for ransome of mine eye.

*Suff.* A Swordar and Bandetto flane  
Murthered sweete Tully.  
Brutus bastard hand stabd Iulius Caesar,  
And Suffolke dyes by Pirates on the seas.

*Exit Suffolke and Water.*

*Cap.* Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,  
And ransomlesse this prisoner shall go free,  
To see it safe deliuered vnto her.  
Come lets go.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.*

*George.* Come away Nicke, and put a long staffe in thy pike, &  
prouide thy selfe, for I can tell thee, they haue bene vp this two  
dayes.

*Nicke.* Then they had more neede to go to bed now,  
But sirra George, what's the matter ?

*George.* Why sirra, Iack Cade the Dier of Ashford heere,  
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on't.

*Nicke.* I marry he had need so, for tis growne thred-bare,  
Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these Gentlemen came  
vp.

*George.* I warrant thee thou shalt neuer see a Lord weare a lea-  
ther apron now a-daies.

*Nicke.* But sirra, who comes else beside Iacke Cade ?

*George.* Why there's Dicke the butcher, and Robin the Sadler,  
and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry  
and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, & a great  
fort more is come from Rochester, and from Maidstone & Can-  
terbury, and all the townes hereabouts, and we must be al Lords  
or Squires, as soone as Iacke Cade is King.

*Nicke.* Harke, harke, I heare the Drum, they be comming.

*Enter Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom,  
Harry, and the rest with long staves.*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Cade.* Proclaime silence.

*All.* Silence.

*Cade.* I Iohn Cade, so named for my valiancy.

*Dicke.* Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats.

*Cade.* My father, was a Mortimer.

*Dicke.* He was an honest man, and a good bricke-layer.

*Cade.* My mother came of the Lacies.

*Nicke.* She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, & sold many laces.

*Robin.* And now being not able to occupy her furr'd packe,  
She washeth buckes vp and downe the countrey.

*Cade.* Therefore I am honourably borne.

*Harry.* I the field is honourable, for hee was borne vnder a  
hedge, because his father had no other house but the cage.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*George.* That's true, I know he can endure any thing,  
For I haue scene him whipt two market dayes together.

*Cade.* I feare neither sword nor fire.

*Will.* He neede not feare the sword, for his coate is of proofe.

*Dicke.* But methinkes he should feare the fire, being so often  
burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

*Cade.* Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, & vowes  
reformation: you shall haue seuen halfe peny loaues for a penny,  
and the three hoopt pot shall haue ten hoopes, and it shalbe fel-  
lony to drinke small beere, if I be King, as King I will be.

*All.* God saue your Maiesty.

*Cade.* I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke  
of my score, and go all in my livery; and wee'll haue no writing  
but the score and the Tally, and there shall be no lawes but such  
as come from my mouth.

*Dicke.* Wee shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into  
the mouth the other day.

*Geo.* I and stinking law too, for his breath stinkes so, that one  
cannot abide it.

*Enter Will with the Clarke of Chattam.*

*Will.* Oh Captaine, a prize.

*Cade.* Who's that Will?

*Will.* The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast  
account,

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

account, I tooke him setting of boyes copies, and he has a book in his pocket with red letters.

*Cade.* Zounds he's a Coniurer, bring him hither.  
Now fir, what's your name?

*Clarke.* Emanuell fir, and it shall please ye.

*Dicke.* It will go hard with you I tell ye,  
For they vse to write that ore the top of Letters.

*Cade.* What do ye vse to write your name? Or do you as ancient forefathers haue done, vse the score and the Tally?

*Clarke.* Nay truly fir, I praise God I haue bene so wel brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

*Cade.* Oh he has confest, go hang him with his pen and inke-horne about his necke.  
*Exit one with the Clarke.*

*Enter Tom.*

*Tom.* Captaine, Newes, newes, fir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are coming with the Kings power, & mean to kil vs all.

*Cade.* Let them come, he's but a Knight is he?

*Tom.* No, no, he's but a Knight.

*Cade.* Why then to equall him, Ile make my selfe Knight.  
Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise vp fir Iohn Mortemer.

Is there any more of them that be Knights?

*Tom.* I his brother.

*Cade.* Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher.

*He knights him.*

Rise vp fir Dicke Butcher. Now sound vp the drum.

*Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford and his Brother, with  
Drum and Soldiers.*

*Cade.* As for these silken coated slaues, I passe not a pin,  
Tis to you good people that I speake.

*Staf.* Why Country-men, what meane you thus in troopes,  
To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?  
Why his Father was a brick-layer.

*Cade.* Well, and Adam was a Gardiner, what then?  
But I come of the Mortemers.

*Staf.* I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

*Cade.*



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Cade.* The Duke of Yorke, say I leant it my selfe,  
For looke you, *Roger Mortimer* the Earle of March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

*Staf.* Well, that's true: But what then?

*Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

*Staf.* That's false.

*Cade.* I, but I say tis true.

*All.* Why then tis true.

*Cade.* And one of them was stolne away by a begger-woman,  
And that was my father, and I am his sonne,  
Deny it and you can.

*Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know was true;  
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the bricke is alieue at this day to testifie it.

*Cade.* But doest thou heare *Stafford*, tell the King, that for his  
fathers sake, in whose time boyes playde at span-counter with  
French Crownes, I am content that he shall be King as long as  
he liues: marry alwaies provided, Ile be Protector ouer him.

*Staf.* O monstrous simplicity.

*Cade.* And tell him, wee'll haue the Lord *Sayer* head, and the  
Duke of *Somersets*, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of *Aniwy*  
and *Mayne*, and selling the Townes in France: by which means  
England hath bene maim'd euer since, and gone as it were with a  
crutch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can  
speake French, and therefore they are Traitors.

*Staf.* As how I prethee?

*Cade.* Why the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not?  
And then can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a  
good subiect? Answer me to that.

*Staf.* Well sirra, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mer-  
cy, and he wil pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebelli-  
ous deeds?

*Cade.* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then Ile  
pardon him, or otherwaies Ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it  
be long.

*Staf.* Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,  
That those that will forsake the Rebelle *Cade*,

Shall

*Torke and Lancaster.*  
Shall haue free pardon from his Maiesty.

*Exit Stafford and his men.*

*Cade.* Come sirs, S. George for vs and Kent. *Exit omnes.*

*Alarmes to the battell, where sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother  
are both slaine. Then enters Iacke Cade  
againe, and the rest.*

*Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valiantly, and knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter-house, and thus I will reward thee : The Lent shall bee as long againe as it was, and thou shalt haue license to kil for fourscore and one a weeke. Drum strike vp, for now weel march to London, and to morrow I mean to sit in the Kings seat at Westminster. *Exit omnes*

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene with the  
Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say,  
with others.*

*King.* Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine,  
And the Rebels march amaine to London.  
Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me,  
Ile come and parley with their Generall,  
Yet stay, Ile reade the Letter once againe ;  
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnly vow'd to haue thy head.

*Say.* I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

*King.* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death ? I feare my Loue if I had bin dead, thou woldst not haue mourn'd so much for me.

*Qu.* No my loue, I should not mourne, but dye for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Oh flye my Lord, the Rebels are entred Southwarke,  
And haue almost wonnie the Bridge,  
Calling your Grace an vsurper :  
And that monstrosus Rebell Cade, hath sworne  
To crowne himselfe King in Westminster,  
Therefore flye my Lord, and post to Killingworth.

*King.* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather  
An army vp, and meete with the Rebels.

G

Come

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.  
Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,  
For feare the Rebelle Cade do finde thee out.

*Say.* My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me,  
And therefore with your highnesse leave, Ile stay behind.

*King.* Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say :  
Come Madam, let vs go.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter the Lord Skayles vpon the Tower  
walles walking.*

*L. Skayles.* How now, is Iacke Cade slaine ?

*i. Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,  
For they haue wonne the bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them.  
The Lord Mayor craueth aide of your honor from the Tower,  
To defend the City from the Rebels.

*Lord Ska.* Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,  
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,  
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,  
And thither will I send you Mathew Goffe :  
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your liues,  
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Iacke Cade, and the rest, and strikes his sword vpon  
London stone.*

*Cade.* Now is Mortemer Lord of this City,  
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,  
That the first yeare of our reigne,  
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.  
And now henceforward, it shall bee treason  
For any that calles me any otherwise then  
Lord Mortemer.

*Enter a souldier.*

*Soul.* Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

*Cade.* Zounds knocke him downe.

*They kil him*

*Dicke.* My Lord,

*Ther's*



*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Ther's an Army gathered together into Smithfield.

*Cade.* Come then, let's go fight with them,  
But first go on and set London-bridge a fire,  
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.  
Come let's away.

*Exit omnes*

*Alarmes, and then Mathew Goffe is slaine, and all the rest  
with him. Then enter Iacke Cade a-  
gaine and his company.*

*Cade.* So sirs, now go and pull downe the Sauoy,  
Others to the Innes of Court, downe with them all.

*Dick.* I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it  
For that word.

*Dicke.* That we may go burne all the Records,  
And that all writing may be put downe,  
And nothing vsed but the score and Tally.

*Cade.* Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things shall  
be in common,

And in Cheapside shall my palphrey go to grasse.

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent  
Lambe parchment should be made, & then with a little blotting  
ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say tis their waxe, for  
I am sure I neuer seal'd to any thing but once, and I was neuer  
mine owne man since.

*Nick.* But when shall we take vp those commodities  
Which you told vs of.

*Cade.* Marry he that will lustily stand to it, shall take vp these  
commodities following: Item, a gown, a kirtle, a petticoat, and  
a smocke.

*Enter George.*

*Geor.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,  
Which sold the Townes in France.

*Cade.* Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou Buckrum  
Lord, What answer canst thou make vnto my mightinesse, for  
deliuering vp the Townes in France to Mounsier bus mine cue,  
the Dolphin of France?

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected a Grammar schoole, to infect the youth of the Realme, and against the Kings Crowne and dignity, thou hast built vp a paper Mill; nay it will bee faide to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily reads of bookes with red letters, & talks of a Nowne and a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian care is able to endure it.

And besides all this, thou hast appointed certaine Iustices of the Peace, in euery shire, to hang honest men that steal for their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp: onely for which cause, they were most worthy to liue. Thou ridest on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

*Say.* Yes, what of that?

*Cade.* Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare a cloake, when an honest man then thy selfe, goes in his hose & doublet.

*Say.* You men of Kent.

*All.* Kent, what of Kent?

*Say.* Nothing, but *Bona terra.*

*Cade.* *Bonum terrum*, zounds what's that?

*Diske.* He speakes French,

*Will.* No tis Dutch.

*Nicke.* No tis Ouralian, I know it well enough.

*Say.* Kent (in the Commentaries Caesar wrote)

Term'd it the ciuillst place of all this Land:

Then Noble Country-men heare me but speake,

I sold not France, nor lost I Normandie.

*Cade.* But wherefore dost thou shake thy head so?

*Say.* It is the pallsie, and not feare that makes me.

*Cade.* Nay, thou noddest thy head at vs, as who wouldst say, Thou wilt be euen with me if thou getst away:

But ile make thee sure enough now I haue thee.

Go take him to the standard in Cheape-side, and choppe off his head, and then go to Mile-end greene to sir Iames Cromer his son in Law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles presently. Away with him.

*Exit one or two with the Lord Say.*

There

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

There shall not a Nobleman weare a head on his shoulders,  
But he shall pay me tribute for it.  
Nor there shall not a maide be married, but he shall see to mee  
for her.  
Mayden-head or else, Ile haue it my selfe :  
Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in *capite*,  
And that their wiues shall be as free as heart can think, or toong  
can tell.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* O Captaine, London-bridge is a fire.

*Cad.* Runne to Billingsgate, and fetch Pitch and Flaxe, and  
quench it.

*Enter Dicke and a Sargeant.*

*Sargeant.* Iustice, iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of  
this fellow heere.

*Cade.* Why what has he done?

*Sarg.* Alas sir he has rauisht my wife.

*Dick.* Why my Lord he would haue rested me,  
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper house.

*Cade.* Dicke follow thy sute in her common place.  
Your horson villaine, you are a Sergeant, you'l  
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence :  
And rest a man when he is at dinner,  
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out on's mouth.  
Go Dicke take him hence, and cut out his tongue for cogging,  
Hough him for running, and to conclude,  
Braue him with his owne mace.

*Exit with the Sargeant.*

*Enter two with the Lord Sayes head, and sir Iames*

*Cromers, upon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes end, let them  
kisse together.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clifford, the  
Earle of Cumberland.*

*Clif.* Why Countrey-men, and warlike friends of Kent,  
What meanes these mutinous rebellions,  
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?  
To rise against your Soueraigne Lord and King,  
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,  
If you forsake this monstrous Rebell heere?  
If honor be the marke whereat you ayme,  
Then hast to France that our fore-fathers won,  
And win againe that thing which now is lost,  
And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford.

*They forsake Cade*

*Cade.* Why how now, wil you forsake your general,  
And ancient freedome which you haue possesse?  
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,  
Who if you stir, will straight way hang you vp.  
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,  
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

*All.* A Cade, a Cade.

*They run to Cade againe.*

*Clif.* Braue warlike friends, heare me but speake,  
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you:  
The King is mercifull, then yeelde to him,  
And I my selfe will go along with you  
To Winsore Castle, whereas the King abides,  
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

*Cade.* How like a feather is this rascall company  
Blowne euery way?  
But that they may see there wants no valiancy in me,  
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,  
And so a poxe take you all.

*He runs through them with his staffe,  
and then flies away.*

*Buc.* Go some and make after him, and proclaime,  
That those that can bring the head of Cade,  
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.  
Come march away.

*Exit om.*

*Enter*

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Enter King Henry, and the Queene, and Somerset.*

*King.* Lord Sommerſet, what newes heare you of the Rebelle Cade ?

*Som.* This my gracious Lord, that the Lord Say is done to death, and the City is almoſt ſackt.

*King.* Gods will be done, for as he hath decreed, ſo muſt it be: And be as he pleaſe, to ſtop the pride of thoſe rebellious men.

*2<sup>n</sup>.* Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue, The Rebelle Cade had bene ſuppreſt ere this, And all the reſt that do take part with him.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham and Clifford, with the Rebels, with halters about their neckes.*

*Cliff.* Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King: Loe heere my Lord, theſe Rebels are ſubdude, And offer their liues before your highneſſe ſeete.

*King.* But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine heere.

*Clif.* No my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are ſent forth, that he that can but bring his head ſhall haue a thouſand crownes. But may it pleaſe your Maieſty to pardon theſe their faults, that by theſe traitors means were thus miſſed.

*King.* Stand vp you ſimple men, and giue God praife, For you did take in hand you know not what, And go in peace obedient to your King, And liue as ſubiects, and you ſhall not want, Whilſt Henry liues, and weares the Engliſh Crowne.

*All.* God ſaue the King, God ſaue the King.

*King.* Come let vs haſt to London now with ſpeede, That ſolemne proceſſions may be ſung, In laud and honor of the God of heauen, And triumphs of this happy victorie.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, M. Alexander Eyden and his men, and Iacke Cade lies down picking of hearbes and eating the m.*

*Eyden.* Good Lord how pleaſant is this country life, This little land my father left me heere, Wiſh my contented minde, ſerues me as well, As all the pleaſures in the Court can yeeld;

*Non*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

*Cade.* Zounds, heere's the Lord of the soyle: Stand villaine, thou wilt betray me to the King, and get a thousand Crownes for my head: but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Estridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin.

*Eyden.* Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee? Ist not enough that thou hast broke my hedges, And enter'd into my ground, without the leaue of me the owner But thou wilt braue me too.

*Cade.* Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme. Looke on me well, I haue eate no meat this fīue daies, yet if do not leaue thee and thy fīue men as dead as a dore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

*Eyden.* Nay, it shall neuer be said whilst the world stands, That *Alexander Eyden* an Esquire of Kent, Tooke oddes to combate with a famisht man. Looke on me, my limbes are equall vnto thine, And euery way as bigge: then hand to hand Ile combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons, And stand you all aside,

*Cade.* Now sword, if thou dost not hew this burly-bon'd churl into chīnes of beefe, I would thou mightst fall into some Smiths hand, and be turn'd to hobnailes.

*Eyden.* Come on thy way.

*They fight, and Cade falls downe.*

*Cade.* Oh Villaine, thou hast slaine the flower of Kent for chīualry, but it is famine and not thee that has done it. For come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fīue dayes, and ile fight with you all. And so a poxe rot thee, for Iacke Cade must dye. *He dyes.*

*Eyden.* Iacke Cade: And was this that monstrous rebel which I haue slaine?

Oh sword, ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber Shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, For this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword Cut off his head, and beare it to the King.

*Exit.*

*Enter*



*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke with Drum and Soldiours.*

*Yorke.* In armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,  
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,  
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.  
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham.*

But soft, who comes heere, Buckingham, what newes with him?

*Buck.* Yorke, if thou meane well, I greeete thee so.

*Yorke.* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome If I sweare:  
What, comes thou in loue, or as a Messenger?

*Buck.* I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord & soueraigne,  
Henry. To know the reason of these armes in peace?  
Or that thou being a subiect as I am,  
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spread,  
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

*Yorke.* A subiect as he is!

Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect rearmes,  
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,  
Who now in Armes expect their fathers fight,  
And not farre hence I know they cannot be.

*Humphrey Duke of Buckingham,* pardon me,  
That I answer'd not at first, my minde was troubled,  
I came to remoue that monstrous rebell *Cade*,  
And heaue proud Somerset from out the Court,  
That basely yeelded vp the Townes in France.

*Buck.* Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,  
But if it be no otherwise then so,  
The King doth pardon thee, and grant to thy request,  
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

*Yorke.* Vpon thine honour is it so?

*Buck.* Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

*Yorke.* Then before thy face, I heere dismisse my troopes,  
Sirs, meete me to morrow in Saint Georges fields,  
And there you shall receiue your pay of me.

*Exit Soldiours.*

*Buck.* Come Yorke, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,  
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

H

*Enter*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter King Henry.*

*King.* How now *Buckingham*, is *Yorke* friends with vs,  
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

*Buck.* He is my Lord, and hath discharg'd his troopes,  
Which came with him, but as your Grace did say,  
To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,  
And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

*King.* Then welcome cousin *Yorke*, giue me thy hand,  
And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,  
Against those traiterous Irish that rebeld.

*Enter Master Eyden with Iacke Cades head.*

*Eyden.* Long liue King *Henry* in triumphant peace,  
Loe heere my Lord vpon my bended knees,  
I heere present the traiterous head of *Cade*,  
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

*King.* First thanks to heauen, and next to thee my friend,  
That hast subdued that wicked traitor thus.  
Oh let me see that head that in his life  
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,  
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,  
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,  
Presageth warlike humors in his life.  
Heere take it hence, and thou for thy reward  
Shalt be immediately created Knight.  
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me what's thy name?

*Eyden.* Alexander Eyden, if it please your Grace,  
A poore Esquire of Kent.

*King.* Then rise vp *Alexander Eyden*, Knight,  
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue  
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee;  
Beside the firme reward that was proclaim'd,  
For those that could performe this worthy acte,  
And thou shalt waite vpon the person of the King.

*Eyden.* I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue,  
Then I proue iust and loyall to my King.

*Exit.*  
*Enter*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerset.*

*King.* O Buckingham, see where Somerset comes,  
Bid him go hide himselfe till *Yorke* be gone.

*Queen.* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of *Yorke*,  
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

*Yorke.* Who's that, proud Somerset at liberty?  
Base fearefull *Henry* that thus dishonor't me,  
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:  
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,  
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,  
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,  
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,  
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,  
For now is *Yorke* resolu'd to claime his owne,  
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throne.

*Somer.* Proud traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,  
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false *Yorke*,  
For heere I sweare thou shalt vnto the Tower,  
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the King.

*King.* Thou art deceiu'd, my sonnes shall be my baile,  
And send thee there in despight of him.  
Hoe, where are you boyes?

*Queene.* Call *Clifford* hither presently.

*Enter the Duke of Yorkes sonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and crooke-backe Richard at the one doore, with Drum and Soldiours: & at the other doore, enter Clifford and his sonne, with Drumme and Soldiours, and Clifford kneeles to Henry, and speaks.*

*Cliff.* Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

*Yorke.* We thanke thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,  
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

*Cliff.* Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King.  
What is he mad? To bedlam with him.

*King.* I, a bedlam franticke humor driues him thus  
To leuie armes against his lawfull King.

*Clif.* Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
*Queene.* He is arrested, but will not obey,  
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.

*Yorke.* How say you boyes, will you not?

*Edward.* Yes noble father, if our words will serue.

*Richard.* And if our words will not, our swords shall.

*Yorke.* Call hither to the stake, my two rough Beares.

*King.* Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arme himselfe.

*Yorke.* Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou hast,  
Both thou and they shall curse this fatall houre.

*Enter at one doore, the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke, with Drum and Soldiours. And at the other doore, the Duke of Buckingham, with Drum and Soldiours.*

*Cliff.* Are these thy Beares? wee'l baite them soone,  
Despight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

*War.* You had best go dreame againe,  
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,  
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,  
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,  
Might I but know thee by thy houshold badge.

*War.* Now by my fathers age, olde Neuils crest,  
The rampant Beare chaine to the ragged staffe,  
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,  
As on a Mountaine top the Cedar shoves,  
That keepe his leaues in spight of any storme,  
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,  
And tread him vnder foote with all contempt,  
Despight the beare-ward that protects him so.

*Yong Clif.* And so renowned Soueraigne to armes,  
To quell these Traitors and their complices.

*Richard.* Fie, Charity for shame, speake it not in spight,  
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.

*Yong Clif.* Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.

*Rich.* No, for if not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

*Exit omnes.*

*Alarmer*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of Somerset and Richard fighting, and Richard kills him under the signe of the Castle in S. Albones.*

*Rich.* So, Lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood,  
What's heere, the signe of the Castle?  
Then the Prophecie is come to passe,  
For Somerset was fore-warnd of Castles,  
The which he alwayes did obserue.  
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,  
The Castle in S. Albones,  
Somerset hath made the Wizzard famous by his death. *Exit.*

*Alarmes againe, and enter the Earle of Warwicke alone.*

*Warwick.* Clifford of Cumberland, tis Warwicke cals,  
And if thou dost not hide thee from the beare,  
Now whilst the angry Trumpets sound alarmes,  
And dead mens cries do fill the empty aire :  
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,  
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,  
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

*Clifford speaks within.*

*Clif.* Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford  
hewes with his murdering Curtelax, through the fainting troops  
to finde thee out.  
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

*Enter Yorke.*

*War.* How now my Lord, what a foote?  
Who kild your horse?

*Yorke.* The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,  
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,  
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,  
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,  
The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter Clifford, and Warwick offers to fight with him.*

Hold *Warwicke*, and seeke thee out some other chase,  
My selfe will hunt this Deare to death.

*War.* Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,  
Clifford farwell, as I intend to prosper well to day,  
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassailde.

*Exit Warwick.*

*Torke.* Now Clifford, since we are singled heere alone,  
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,  
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate  
To thee, and all the house of *Lancaster*.

*Clifford.* And heere I stand, and pitch my foote to thine,  
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.  
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,  
Till I haue spoild the hatefull house of *Torke*.

*Alarmes, and they fight, and Torke kills Clifford.*

*Torke.* Now *Lancaster* sit sure, thy sinewes shrinke,  
Come fearefull *Henry* grouelling on thy face,  
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of *Torke*.

*Exit Torke.*

*Alarmes, then enter young Clifford alone.*

*Young Clifford.* Father of *Cumberland*,  
VVhere I may seeke my aged Father forth?  
Oh dismall fight, see where he breathlesse lies,  
All smeard and weltred in his lake-warme blood,  
Ah, aged pillar of all *Cumberlands* true house,  
Sweete father, to thy mured ghost I sweare  
Immortall hate vnto the house of *Torke*,  
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
Till I haue furiously reuendge thy death,  
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

*He takes him vp on his backe.*

And thus as old *Ankyses* sonne did beare  
His aged father on his manly backe,  
And fought with him against the bloody *Greekes*,  
Euen so will I. But stay, heer's one of them,  
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter*



*Torke and Lancaster.*

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his father, fightes with him, and Richard flies away againe.*

Out crook'd-backe villaine, get thee from my sight,  
But I will after thee, and once againe:  
(When I haue borne my father to his Tent)  
Ile try my fortune better with thee yet.

*Exit yong Clifford with his Father.*

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of Buckingham wounded to his Tent.*

*Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.*

*Queene.* Away my Lord, and flye to London straight,  
Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them:  
Come, stand not to expostulate, let's go.

*King.* Come then faire *Queene*, to London let vs hast,  
And summon vp a Parliament with speede,  
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

*Exit King and Queene.*

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of Torke, Edward, and Richard.*

*Torke.* How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,  
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,  
And our great honour, that so long we lost,  
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights.  
But did you see old Salisbury, since we  
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?  
I would not for the losse of this right hand,  
That ought but well betide that good old man.

*Rich.* My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,  
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,  
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,  
And thrice this hand did set him vp againe,  
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,  
The boldest spirited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

*Enter*

*The contentions of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter Salisbury and Warwick.*

*Edward.* See noble Father, where they both do come,  
The onely props vnto the house of *Yorke*.

*Sal.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,  
And thou braue bud of *Yorke's* encreasing house,  
The small remainder of my weary life,  
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,  
Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life.

*Yorke.* VVhat say you Lords, the King is fled to London?  
There as I heere to hold a Parliament,  
VVhat saies Lord *Warwicke*, shall we after them?

*War.* After them, nay before them if we can:  
Now by my faith Lords, t'was a glorious day,  
Saint *Albanes* battaile wonne by famous *Yorke*,  
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come,  
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,  
And more such dayes as these, to vs befall.

*Exit omnes.*

**FINIS.**



## The Second Part.

# Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the *good King Henrie the* Sixt.

*Enter Richard Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Warwicke, the Duke of  
Norfolke, Marquesse Mountague, Edward Earle of March, then  
Crooke backe Richard, and the young Earle of Rutland, with drum  
and souldiers, with white Roses in their hats.*

*Warwicke.*



Wonder how the King escap'd our hands.  
*Torke.* Whilst we pursu'd the horsemen of the  
North,  
He sliely stole away and left his men :  
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,  
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke re-  
treat,

Charg'd our maine battels front, and there with him  
Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abreast  
Brake in, and were by th' hands of common souldiers slaine.  
*Edward.* Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,  
Is either slaine or wounded dangerously,



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow :

Father, that this is true, behold his blood.

*Mont.* And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltshires blood,  
Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd.

*Rich.* Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

*Yorke.* What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somersfet ?

*Norfol.* Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn of Gaunt.*

*Rich.* Thus do I hope to shape King *Henries* head.

*War.* And so do I victorious Prince of *Yorke,*

Before I see thee seated in that Throne,

Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,

I vow by heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.

This is the Palace of that fearefull King,

And that the regall chaire : Possesse it *Yorke,*

For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.

*Torke.* Assist me then sweet *Warwicke,* and I will :  
For hither are we broken in by force.

*Norfol.* Weell all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.

*Torke.* Thankes gentle *Norfolke.* Stay by me my Lords,  
And soldiers stay you heere, and lodge this night.

*War.* And when the King comes offer him no violence,  
Vnlesse he seeke to put vs out by force,

*Rich.* Arm'd as we be let's stay within this house.

*War.* The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,  
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of *Yorke* be King,  
And bashfull *Henry* be deposde, whose cowardise  
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

*Torke.* Then leaue me not my Lords : for now I meane  
To take possession of my right.

*War.* Neither the King, nor him that loues him best,  
The proudest bird that holds vp Lancaster,  
Dare stirre a wing, if *Warwicke* shake his bells.

He plant *Plantagenet* : and roote him out who dares :  
Resolue thee *Richard,* claime the English Crowne.

*Enter King Henry the sixth, with the D. of Excester, the Earle of Northumberland, the Earle of Westmerland, and Clifford the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roses in their hats.*

*King.*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*King.* Looke Lordings where the sturdy Rebelle sits,  
Euen in the chaire of State: belike he meanes  
(Back'd by the power of *Warwicke* that false Peere)  
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.  
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy father,  
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,  
On him, his sonnes, his fauourites, and his friends.

*North.* And if I be not, heauens be reueng'd on me.

*Clif.* The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele.

*West.* What? shall we suffer this? Let's pull him downe.

My heart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

*King.* Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.

*Clif.* Patience is for Pultrounes, such as he;

He durst not sit there had your Father liu'd.

My gracious Lord, heere in the Parliament,

Let vs assaile the family of Yorke.

*North.* Well hast thou spoken Cosen, be it so.

*King.* O know you not the Citty fauours them,

And they haue troopes of souldiers at their becke.

*Exet.* But when the Duke is slaine, theyl quickly flye.

*King.* Far be it from the thoughts of Henries heart,

To make a shambles of the Parlament house:

Cosen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,

Shal be the warres that Henry meanes to vse.

Thou factious Duke of Yorke, descend my Throne,

I am thy soueraigne.

*Yorke.* Thou art deceiu'd, I am thine.

*Exet.* For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.

*Yorke.* Twas my inheritance, as the kingdome is.

*Exet.* Thy father was a Traitor to the Crowne.

*War.* Exeter thou art a Traitor to the Crowne,

In following this vsurping Henry.

*Clif.* Whom should he follow but his naturall King.

*War.* True Clifford, and thats Richard Duke of Yorke.

*King.* And shall I stand while thou sitst in my Throne?

*Yorke.* Content thy selfe, it must and shall be so.

*War.* Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*West.* Why? he is both King and Duke of Lancaster,  
And that the Earle of *Westmerland* shall maintaine.

*War.* And *Warwicke* shall disprooue it. You forget  
That we are those that chac'd you from the field  
And slew your father, and with colours spread  
Marcht through the Citty to the Pallas gates.

*North.* No *Warwicke*, I remember't to my greefe:  
And by his soule, thou and thy house shall rew it.

*West.* *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy sonnes,  
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,  
Then drops of blood were in my fathers veines.

*Clif.* Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,  
I send thee *Warwicke* such a messenger,  
As shall reuenge his death before I stirre.

*War.* Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne thy worthlesse threats.

*Torke.* Will ye we shew our Title to the Crowne,  
Or else our swords shall pleade it in the field?

*King.* What Title hast thou Traitor to the Crowne?  
Thy Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke:  
Thy Grand-father *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March.  
I am the sonne of *Henry* the fift, who tam'd the French,  
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seiz'd vpon  
Their Townes and Prouinces.

*War.* Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.

*King.* The Lord Protector lost it, and not I,  
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

*Rich.* Yare old enough now, and yet methinkes you lose:  
Father, teare the Crowne from the Vsurers head.

*Edw.* Do so sweet father, set it on your head.

*Mont.* Good brother, as thou lou'st and honour'st armes,  
Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.

*Rich.* Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will flye.

*Torke.* Peace sonnes.

*North.* Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to speake.

*King.* Ah *Plantagenet*, why seek'st thou to depose me?  
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth?  
And from two brothers lineally descent?

Suppose



*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Suppose by right and equity thou be King:  
Thinkst thou, that I will leaue my Kingly seate,  
Wherein my Father, and my Grandfire sate?  
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my Realme,  
I and our Colours often borne in France,  
And now in England (to our hearts great sorrow)  
Shall be my winding sheet. Why faint you Lords?  
My Titles better farre than his.

*War.* Proue it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

*King.* Why *Henry* the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.

*Yorke.* Twas by rebellion gainst his Soueraigne.

*King.* I know not what to say, my Titles weake,  
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?

*War.* What then?

*King.* Then am I lawfull King. For *Richard*  
The second, in the view of many Lords,  
Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the fourth,  
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.

*Yorke.* I tell thee he rose against him being his Soueraigne,  
And made him to resigne the Crowne perforce.

*War.* Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrain'd,  
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?

*Exet.* No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,  
But that the next heire must succcede and reigne.

*King.* Art thou against vs Duke of Exeter?

*Exet.* His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

*King.* All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.

*North. Plantagenet,* for all the claime thou laist,  
Thinke not King *Henry* shall be thus deposd.

*War.* Deposd he shall be in despight of thee.

*Nor.* Tush *Warwicke*, thou art deceiu'd:

Tis not thy Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke,  
And Kent, that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,  
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.

*Clif.* King *Henry* be thy Title right or wrong,  
Lord *Clifford* voves to fight in thy defence.  
May that ground gape and swallow me aliue,

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Where I do kneele to him that slew my Father.

*King.* O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule.

*Yorke.* Henry of Lancaster resigne thy Crowne.

What mutter you? Or what conspire you Lords?

*War.* Do right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,  
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

*Enter Soldiers.*

And ouer the Chaire of state where now he sits,  
Write vp his Title with thy vsurping blood.

*King.* O *Warwicke*, heare me speake:  
Let me but reigne in quiet while I liue.

*Yorke.* Confirme the crowne to me, and to mine heires,  
And thou shalt reigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

*King.* Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.

*War.* Captaine conduct them into *Tutthill* fields.

*Clif.* What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?

*War.* VVhat good is this for England and himselfe?

*North.* Base, fearfull, and despairing Henry.

*Clif.* How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?

*West.* I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

*Clif.* Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.

*Exit.*

*North.* Be thou a prey vnto the house of Yorke,  
And die in bands for this vnkindly deede.

*Exit*

*Clif.* In dreadfull war mayst thou be ouercome,  
Or liue in peace abandond and despisd.

*Exit.*

*Exet.* They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeelde my  
Lord.

*King.* Ah Exeter?

*War.* VVhy should you figh my Lord?

*King.* Not for my selfe Lord *Warwicke*, but my sonne,  
VVhom I vnnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may. I heere intaile the Crowne

To thee and to thine heyres, conditionally,

That heere thou take an oath,

To cease these ciuill broyles, and whilst I liue

To honor me as thy King and Soueraigne.

*Yorke.* That oath I willingly take, and will performe.

*War.*

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*War.* Long liue King *Henry*. Plantagenet embrace him.

*King.* And long liue thou, and all thy forward sonnes.

*Yorke.* Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcilde.

*Exet.* Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

*Sound Trumpets.*

*Yorke.* My Lord, Ile take my leaue,  
For Ile to *Wakefield*, to my Castle.

*Exit Yorke with his sonnes.*

*War.* And ile keepe London with my souldiors.

*Exit.*

*Norf.* And ile to Norfolke with my followers.

*Exit.*

*Mont.* and I to the sea from whence I came.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Queene and the Prince.*

*Exet.* My Lord, heere comes the Queene, Ile steale away.

*King.* And so will I.

*Queene.* Nay stay, or else Ile follow thee.

*King.* Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile stay.

*Queen.* What patience can there be? ah timerous man,  
Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,  
and giuen our rights vnto the house of *Yorke*.  
art thou a King, and wilt be for'cst to yeeld?  
Had I bene there, the souldiers should haue tost  
Me on their launces points, before I would haue  
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made  
Protector of the Land: *Sterne Fawconbridge*  
Commands the narrow seas: and thinkst thou then  
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me *Henry*:  
From thy bed, vntill that acte of Parliament  
Be recald, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of *Yorke*.  
The Northerne Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,  
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread,  
and spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.  
Come sonne, lets away, and leaue him heere alone.

*King.* Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.

*Qn.* Thou hast spoke too much already, therefore be still.

*King.* Gentle sonne *Edward*, wilt thou stay with me?

*Queen.* I, to be murdered by his enemies.

*Exit.*

*Prince.*



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Prim.* When I returne with victory from the field,  
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her.

*Exit.*

*King,* Poore *Queene*, her loue to me and to the Prince her son  
Makes her in furie thus to forget her selfe.  
Reuenged may she be on that accursed Duke.  
Come Cosen of Exeter, stay thou heere,  
For Clifford and those Northerne Lords be gone,  
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

*Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.*

*Edw.* Brother, and cosen *Montague*, giue me leaue to speake.

*Rich.* Nay, I can better play the Orator.

*Mont.* But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke.*

*Yorke.* How now sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?

*Rich.* No Father, but a sweete contention, about that which  
concernes your selfe and vs, The Crowne of England father.

*Yorke.* The Crowne boy, why *Henries* yet aliue,  
And I haue sworne that he shall reigne in quiet till his death.

*Ed.* But I would breake an hundred oaths to reigne one yeare.

*Rich.* And if it please your Grace to giue me leaue,  
Ile shew your Grace the way to saue your oath,  
And dispossesse King *Henry* from the Crowne.

*Yorke.* I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuice.

*Rich.* Then thus my Lord,  
An Oath is of no moment,  
Being not sworne before a lawfull Magistrate.  
*Henry* is none, but doth vsurpe your right,  
And yet your Grace stands bound to him by Oath.  
Then noble father resolute your selfe,  
And once more claime the Crowne.

*Yorke.* I, saist thou so boy? why then it shall be so.  
I am resolu'd to win the Crowne, or dye.

*Edward*, thou shalt to *Edmund Brooke* Lord Cobham,  
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.  
Thou Cosen *Montague* shalt to Norfolke straight,

And

*Torke and Lancaster.*

And bid the Duke to muster vp his soldiours,  
And come to me to *Wakefield* presently,  
And *Richard*, thou to London straight shalt poste,  
And bid *Richard Newill* Earle of *Warwicke*,  
To leaue the Citty, and with his men of warre,  
To meete me at *S. Albones* ten dayes hence.  
My selfe heere in *Sandall* Castle will prouide  
Both men and mony to further our attempts.  
Now, what newes?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* My Lord, the Queene with thirty thousand men,  
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,  
*Northumberland*, and *Westmerland*,  
With others of the house of *Lancaster*,  
Are marching towards *Wakefield*,  
To besiege you in your Castle heere.

*Enter Sir Iohn, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.*

*Torke.* A Gods name let them come.  
Cousin *Montague*, poste you hence.  
And boyes stay you with me.  
*Sir Iohn* and *sir Hugh Mortimer* mine Vnckles,  
Y're welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,  
The army of the Queene meanes to besiege vs.

*Sir Iohn.* She shall not neede my Lord,  
Wee'l meete her in the field.

*Torke.* What, with fise thousand soludiors, Vnckle?

*Rich.* I father, with fise hundred for a need,  
A woman's Generall, what should you feare?

*York.* Indeed, many braue battels haue I wonne  
In *Normandy*, when as the enemye  
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt  
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.

*Edw.* Let's march away, I heare their drums.

*Exit.*

*Alarums, and then enter the young Earle of  
Rutland and his Tutor.*

*Tutor.* Oh flye my Lord, lets leaue the Castle,  
And flye to *Wakefield* straight.

K

*Enter*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter Clifford.*

*Rut.* O Tutor, looke where bloody Clifford comes.

*Clif.* Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life,  
As for the brat of that accursed Duke,  
Whose father slew my father, he shall dye.

*Tutor.* Oh Clifford, spare this tender Lord, least  
Heauen reuenge it on thy head : oh saue his life.

*Clif.* Soldiers away, and drag him hence perforce :  
Away with the villaine. *Exit Chaplaine.*  
How now, what dead already ? or is it feare that  
Makes him close his eyes ? Ile open them.

*Rut.* So lookes the pent vp Lion on the Lambe,  
And so he walkes insulting ore his prey,  
And so he turnes againe to rend his limbes in sunder,  
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and  
Not with such a cruell threatning looke,  
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,  
Be thou reuendge on men, and let me liue.

*Clif.* In vaine thou speakest poore boy : my fathers  
Blood hath stopt the passage where thy words should enter.

*Rut.* Then let my fathers blood ope it againe, he is a  
Man, and Clifford cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren heere, their liues and thine  
Were not reuenge sufficient for me,  
Or should I dig vp thy fore-fathers graues,  
And hang their rotten Coffins vp in chaines,  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart,  
The sight of any of the house of *Torke*,  
Is as a fury to torment my soule.  
Therefore till I roote out that cursed line,  
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

*Rut.* Oh let me pray, before I take my death,  
To thee I pray : Sweet Clifford pittie me.

*Clif.* I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.

*Rut.* I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.*



*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Rut.* But t'was ere I was borne.

Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,  
Least in reuenge thereof, hith God is iust,  
He be as miserably slaine as I.

Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,  
and when I giue occasion of offence,  
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause? Thy father slew my father, therefore die.

*Plantagenet*, I come *Plantagenet*,  
And this thy sonnes blood cleauing to my blade,  
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy blood  
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both.

*Exit.*

*Alarmer, enter the Duke of Yorke solus.*

*Yorke.* Ah *Yorke*, poste to thy Castle, saue thy life,  
The goale is lost, thou house of Lancaster,  
Thrice happy chance is it for thee and thine,  
That heauen abridgde my daies, and cals me hence,  
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes:  
But this I know, they haue demeand themselues,  
Like men borne to renowe by life or death:  
Three times this day came *Richard* to my sight,  
and cried courage, Father: victory or death.  
and twice so oft came *Edward* to my view,  
With purple Faulchion painted to the hilts,  
In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.  
Oh harke, I heare the drums. No way to flie?  
No way to saue my life? and heere I stay:  
And heere my life must end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,  
and Soldiours.*

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,  
I dare your quenchlesse fury to more bloud:  
This is the But, and this abides your shot.

*Northum.* Yeeld to our mercies, proud *Plantagenet*.

*Clif.* I, to such mercy as his ruthfull arme

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

With downe right payment lent vnto my father,  
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,  
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.

*Torke.* My ashes like the *Phanix* may bring forth  
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,  
And in that hope I cast mine eyes to heauen,  
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.  
Why stay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?

*Clif.* So cowards fight when they can flie no longer,  
So Doves do pecke the *Rauens* piercing tallents,  
So desperate theeues, all hopelesse of their liues,  
Breathe out inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.

*Torke.* Oh *Clifford*, yet bethinke thee once againe,  
And in thy minde ore-runne my former time,  
And byte thy tongue that slanderst him with cowardise,  
Whose very looke hath made thee quake ere this.

*Clif.* I will not bandy with thee word for word,  
But buckle with thee blowes twice two for one.

*Queene.* Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes  
I would prolong the traitors life a while.

Wrath makes him deafe, speake thou *Northumberland*.

*Nor.* Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him so much,  
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart,  
What valour where it when a curre doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,  
When he might spurne him with his foote away?  
Tis warres prize to take all aduantages,  
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

*Fight and take him.*

*Clif.* I, I, so striues the Woodcoke with the gin.

*North.* So doth the Cunny struggle with the net.

*Torke.* So triumphs theeues vpon their conquer'd booty,  
So true men yeeld, by robbers ouer-matcht.

*North.* What will your grace haue done with him?

*Queene.* Braue warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,  
Come make him stand vpon this mole-hill heere,  
That aime at Mountaines with out-stretched arme;

And

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

And parted but the shadow with his hand.  
Was it you that reueld in our Parliament,  
And made a prechment of your high descent?  
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?  
The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?  
Or wher's that valiant crookt-backt prodegy?  
*Dickey* your boy, that with his grumbling voice,  
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?  
Or mongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?  
Looke *Yorke*, I dipt this napkin in the blood,  
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,  
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.  
And if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I giue thee this to dry thy cheekes withall.  
Alas poore *Yorke*: but that I hate thee much,  
I should lament thy miserable state.  
I prethee grieue to make me merry, *Yorke*:  
Stampe, raue and fret, that I may sing and dance.  
VVhat, hath thy fiery heart so parch thine entrailes,  
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?  
Thou wouldst be feede I see, to make me sport.  
*Yorke* cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.  
A crowne for *Yorke*, and Lords bow low to him.  
So, hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.  
I, now lookes he like a King.  
This is he that tooke King *Henries* chaire,  
And this is he was his adopted heyre.  
But how is it that great Plantagenet,  
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holy oath,  
As I bethinke me, you should not be King,  
Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,  
and will you impale your head with *Henries* glory,  
and rob his temples of the Diadem  
Now in his life, against your holy oath?  
Oh, tis a fault too too vnardonable.  
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,  
and whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Clif.* That's my office for my fathers death.

*Queene.* Yet stay, and lets heare the Orisons he makes.

*Torke.* She wolfe of France, but worse then wolues of France;  
Whose tongue's more poison'd then the Adders tooth,  
How ill befeeming is it in thy sexe,  
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,  
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?  
But that thy face is visard-like vnchanging,  
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds;  
I would assay, proud *Queene* to make thee blush,  
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,  
T'were shame enough to shame thee, were thou not shamelesse.  
Thy father beares the type of King of *Naples*,  
Of both the *Cisiles*, and *Ierusalem*,  
Yet not so wealthy as an english yeoman.  
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?  
It needs not, or it bootes thee not proud *Queene*,  
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide;  
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.  
Tis beauty, that oft makes women proud;  
But God he wots, thy share thereof is small.  
Tis gouernment that makes them most admir'd,  
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.  
Tis vertue that makes them seeme diuine,  
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.  
Thou art as opposite to euery good,  
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,  
Or as the South to the Septentrion.  
Oh Tygers heart wrapt in a womans hide;  
How couldst thou draine the life blood of the childe,  
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,  
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?  
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,  
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorselesse.  
Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.  
Wouldst thou haue me weepe? why so, thou hast thy wish.  
For raging windes blow vp a storme of teares,

and

*Torke and Lancaster.*

And when the rage alaes, the raine begins.  
These teares are my sweet *Rutlands* obsequies,  
And euery drop begs vengeance as it fals,  
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the false French-woman.

*North.* Beshrew me but his passions moue me so,  
as hardly I can checke mine eyes from teares.

*Torke.* That face of his, the hungry Cannibals  
Could not haue toucht, would not haue stain'd with bloud;  
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,  
Oten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.  
See ruthlesse *Queene*, a haplesse fathers teares.  
This cloth thou dipts in blood of my sweete boy,  
And loe, with teares I wash the blood away.  
Keepe thou the napkin, and go boast of that,  
And if thou tell the story well,  
Vpon my soule the hearers will shed teares,  
I, euen my foes will shed fast falling teares,  
and say, alas, it was a pitteous deed.

Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,  
and in thy need, such comfort come to thee,  
as now I reape at thy too cruell hands.  
Hard harted *Clifford*, take me from the world,  
My soule to heauen, my blood vpon your heads.

*North.* Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,  
I could not chuse but weepe with him, to see  
How inward anger gripes his hart.

*Qu.* What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?  
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,  
And that will quickly dry your melting teares.

*Cliff.* There's for my oath, there's for my fathers death.

*Queen.* And there's to right our gentle harted kinde.

*Torke.* Open thy gates of mercy gracious God,  
My soule flies foorth to meete with thee.

*Queen.* Off with his head, and set it on *Yorke Gates*,  
So *Torke* may ouer-look the Towne of *Torke*.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter Edward and Richard, with Drum and Souldiours.*

*Edw.* After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,  
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

*Rich.* I cannot ioy vntill I be resolu'd,  
Where our right valiant father is become.  
How often did I see him beare himselfe,  
As doth a Lyon midst a heard of Neat,  
So fled the enemies from our valiant Father,  
Methinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.

*Three sunnes appeare in the Ayre.*

*Edw.* Loe, how the morning opes her golden gates,  
And takes her farwell of the glorious sunne,  
Dazle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

*Rich.* Three glorious sunnes, not separated by a racking cloud  
But seuered in a pale cleere shining sky.

See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,  
As if they vowd some league inuiolate.  
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sunne,  
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.

*Edw.* I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,  
That we the sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,  
Already each one shining by his meed,  
May ioyne in one, and ouer-peere the world,  
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,  
He beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns,  
But what art thou that look'st so heauily?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Oh, one that was a wofull looker on,  
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was flaine.

*Edw.* Oh speake no more, for I can heare no more.

*Rich.* Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

*Mes.* VVhen as the noble Duke was put to flight,  
and then pursude by *Clifford* and the *Queene*,  
and many souldiours moe, who all at once  
Let driue at him, and forc't the Duke to yeeld,

and



*Yorke and Lancaster.*

And then they set him on a mole-hill there,  
And crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite,  
VVho then with teares began to waile his fall.  
The ruthlesse Queene perceiuing he did weepe,  
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,  
Dipt in the blood of sweet young *Rutland*,  
By rough Clifford slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.  
Then through his brest they thrust their bloody swords,  
VVho like a Lambe fell at the butchers feete.  
Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,  
And there it doth remaine the pitteous spectacle  
That ere mine eyes beheld.

*Edw.* Sweet Duke of Yorke, our prop to leane vpon,  
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:  
Now my soules Palace is become a prison.  
Oh would she breake from compasse of my brest,  
For neuer shall I haue more ioy.

*Rich.* I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moysture  
Scarfe serues to quench my furnace burning hate:  
I cannot ioy till this white Rose be dy'de,  
Euen in the heart blood of the house of Lancaster.  
*Richard*, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,  
Or dye my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

*Edw.* His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,  
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

*Rich.* Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles bird,  
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the Sunne,  
For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne and Kingdome say,  
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum,  
ancient, and souldiers.*

*War.* How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?

*Rich.* Ah *Warwicke*, should we report the balefull newes,  
And at each words deliuerance, stab Ponyards in our flesh  
Till all were told, the words would adde  
More anguish then the wounds.

L

Ah

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Ah valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

*Edw.* Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, that Plantagenet  
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his soules redemption,  
Is by the sterne Lord Clifford, done to death.

*War.* Ten dayes ago I drown'd those newes in teares,  
And now to adde more measure to your woes:  
I come to tell you newes since then befallne.  
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,  
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,  
Tydings as swiftly as the post could runne,  
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.  
I then in London, keeper of the King,  
Mustred my soldiers, gathered flockes of friends,  
And very well appointed as I thought,  
Marcht to S. Albons to intercept the Queene,  
Bearing the King in my behalfe along.  
For by my scouts I was aduertised,  
That she was comming, with a full intent  
To dash your late decree in Parliament,  
Touching King Henries heires, and your succession.  
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,  
Our battailes ioyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought:  
But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,  
(He look'd full gently on his warlike Queene)  
That rob'd my souldiers of their heated spleene.  
Or whether 'twas report of his successe,  
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigour,  
Who thunders to his Captaines blood and death,  
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,  
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.  
Our souldiers, like the Night-Owles lazy flight,  
Or like an ydle Thresher with a flaile,  
Fell gently downe, as if they smote their friends.  
I cheer'd them vp with iustice of the cause,  
With promise of hie pay, and great rewards:  
But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,  
Nor we in them no hope to win the day.

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,  
Lord George your brother, Norfolke, and my selfe,  
In hast, poste hast, are come to ioyne with you.  
For in the marches heere we heard you were,  
Making another head to fight againe.

*Edw.* Thankes gentle *Warwicke*.

How farre hence is the Duke with his power?  
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

*War.* Some fife miles off the Duke is with his power.  
But as for your brother, he was lately sent  
From your kinde Aunt, Dutchesse of Burgundie,  
With aide of souldiers 'gainst this needfull warre.

*Rich.* Twas ods belike, when valiant *Warwicke* fled.  
Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursuite,  
But nere till now thy scandall of retire.

*War.* Nor now my scandall Richard dost thou heare:  
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,  
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,  
And wring the awefull Scepter from his fist,  
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,  
As he is fam'd for mildenesse, peace, and prayer.

*Rich.* I know it well Lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,  
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.  
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?  
Shall we go throw away our coates of Steele,  
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,  
Numbring our *Auenaries* with our beads?  
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,  
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?  
If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

*War.* Why therefore *Warwicke* came to finde you out:  
And therefore comes my brother Montague.  
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,  
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,  
And of their feather many moe proud birds,  
Haue wrought the easie melting King like waxe,  
He sware consent to your succession,



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

His oath inrolled in the Parliament.  
But now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate his oath, or what besides  
May make against the house of Lancaster.  
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.  
Now if the helpe of Norfolke and my selfe,  
Can but amount to eight and forty thousand,  
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of March,  
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,  
Why via, to London will we march amaine,  
And once againe bestride our foming Steeds,  
And once againe cry, Charge vpon the foe,  
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

*Rich.* I now methinkes I heare great *Warwicke* speake :  
Nere may he liue to see a Sunshine day,  
That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him stay.

*Edw.* Lord *Warwicke*, on thy shoulder will I leane,  
And when thou faints, must *Edward* fall :  
Which perill heauen forefend.

*War.* No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,  
The next degree is, Englands royall King;  
And King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd,  
In euery burrough as we passe along :  
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioy,  
Shall for the offence make forfeite of his head.  
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,  
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,  
But forward to effect these resolutions.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,  
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,  
And craues your company for speedy counsell.

*War.* Why then it sorts braue Lords.  
Let's march away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*

*of Torke and Lancaster.*

*Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the  
Northerne Earles, with drumme and  
Souldiours.*

*Queen.* Welcome my Lord to this braue Towne of Yorke,  
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemy,  
That sought to be impaled with your Crowne.  
Doth not the obiekt please your eye my Lord?

*King.* Euen as the rockes please them that fear their wracke.  
With-hold reuenge deere God, tis not my fault,  
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious Lord, this too much lenity  
And harmefull pittie must be layde aside,  
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.  
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?  
Not his that spoyles his young before his face.  
Who escapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?  
Not he that sets his foote vpon her backe.  
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,  
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their brood.  
Ambitious *Torke* did leuell at thy Crowne,  
Thou smiling, while hee knit his angry browes.  
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a King,  
And raise his issue like a louing Sire.  
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,  
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,  
Which argu'd thee a most vnnaturall Father.  
Vnreasonable creatures feede their yong,  
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,  
Yet in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings,  
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,  
Make warre with him, that climbs vnto their Nest,  
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?  
For shame my Lord, make them your president.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Were it not pittie that this goodly boy,  
Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault?  
And long heereafter, say vnto his Childe,  
What my great Grandfather and Grandfire got,  
My carelesse father fondly gaue away?  
Looke on the boy, and let his manly face,  
Which promiseth successfull fortune to vs all,  
Steele thy melting thoughts,  
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

*King.* Full well hath Clifford playd the Orator,  
Inferring arguments of mighty force.  
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,  
That things ill got had euer bad successe,  
And happy euer was it for that sonne,  
VWhose father for his hoording went to hell?  
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deeds behinde,  
And would my father had left me no more:  
For all the rest is held at such a rate,  
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,  
Then may the present profite counteruaile.  
Ah cosin Yorke, would thy best friends did know,  
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

*Queene.* My Lord, this harmfull pittie makes your follow-  
ers faint.

You promised Knight-hood to your Princely sonne,  
Vnsheath your sword, and straight way dub him Knight,  
Kneele downe Edward.

*King.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,  
And learne this lesson, Draw thy sword in right.

*Prince.* My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,  
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,  
and in that quarrell, vse it to the death.

*North.* VVhy that is spoken like a toward Prince.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,  
For with a band of fifty thousand men,

Comes



*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Comes *Warwicke*, backing of the Duke of Yorke.

And in the Townes whereas they passe along,  
Proclaimes him King, and many flyes to him,  
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

*Clif.* I would your highnesse would depart the field,  
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

*Queen.* Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

*King.* VVhy that's my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

*Clif.* Be it with resolution then to fight.

*Prin.* Good Father cheere these noble Lords,  
Vnsheath your sword, sweet Father cry *S. George.*

*Clif.* Pitch we our battell heere, for hence we will not moue.

*Enter the house of Yorke.*

*Edw.* Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne?  
And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?

*Queen.* Go rate thy Minions proud insulting boy,  
Becomes it thee to be thus malapert  
Before thy King, and lawfull Soueraigne?

*Edw.* I am his King, and he should bend his knee,  
I was adopted heyre by his consent.

*George.* Since when, he hath broke his oath,  
For as we heare, you that are King  
(Though he do weare the Crowne)  
Haue causd him by new acte of Parliament,  
To blot our brother out, and put his owne sonne in.

*Clif.* And reason *George*:  
Who should succcede the father, but the son?

*Rich.* Are you there butcher?

*Clif.* I Crooke-backe, heere I stand to answer thee,  
Or any of your sort.

*Rich.* Twas you that kild yong *Rutland*, was it not?

*Clif.* Yes, and old *Yorke* too, and yet not satisfied.

*Rich.* For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.

*War.* VVhat saist thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

*Queen.* VVhat, long tongu'd *Warwicke*, dare you speake?  
VVhen you and I met at *Saint Albons* last;

You

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Your legges did better seruice then your hands,

*War.* I, then twas my turne to flye, but now t'is thine.

*Clif.* you said as much before, and yet you fled.

*War.* Twas not your valour Clifford droue me thence.

*Nor.* No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, y could make yee stay.

*Rich.* *Northumberland, Northumberland*, we hold

Thee reuerently.

Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine

The execution of my big swolne heart,

Against that Clifford there, that cruell child-killer.

*Clif.* Why I kild thy Father, calst thou him a childe?

*Rich.* I like a villaine, and a treacherous Coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland,

But ere Sun-set Ile make thee curse the deed.

*King.* Haue done with words great Lords,

And heare me speake.

*Queene.* Desie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

*King.* I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,

I being a King, am priuiledg'd to speake.

*Clif.* My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,

Cannot be cur'd with words, therefore be still.

*Rich.* Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,

By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd

That *Cliffords* man-hood hangs vpon his tongue.

*Edw.* What sayst thou Henry, shall I haue my right or no?

A thousand men haue broke their fast to day,

That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.

*War.* If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head.

For *Torke* in iustice, puts his Armour on.

*Prin.* If all be right that *Warwicke* sayes is right,

There is no wrong, but all things must be right.

*Rich.* Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,

For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.

*Queen.* But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,

But like a fowle mishapen stigmaticke,

Markt by the Destinies to be auoided,

As venom'd Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

*Rich.*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with english gilt,  
Thy father beares the title of a King,  
As if a channell should be cald the sea;  
Sham'st thou not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de,  
To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heyres?

*Edw.* A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crownes,  
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,  
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,  
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope:  
And had he matcht according to his state,  
He might haue kept that glory till this day.  
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,  
And grac'd thy poore sire with his bridall day:  
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him,  
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,  
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.  
For what hath mou'd these tumults, but thy pride?  
Hadst thou bene meeke, our title yet had slept,  
And we in pittie of the gentle King,  
Had slipt our claime vntill another age.

*George.* But when we saw our summer brought thee gaine,  
And that the haruest brought vs no increase,  
We set the axe to thy vsurping roote,  
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,  
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,  
Till we haue hewne thee downe,  
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.

*Edw.* And in this resolution, I desie thee,  
Nor willing any longer conference,  
Since thou deniest the gentle King to speake.  
Sound trumpets, let our bloudy colours waue,  
And either victory, or else a graue.

*Queene.* Stay *Edward*, stay.

*Edw.* Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer stay,  
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to day.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmes.*



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Alarmes. Enter Warwick.*

*War.* Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race,  
I lay me downe a little while to breathe,  
For strokes receiue, and many blowes repaide,  
Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,  
And force perforce, needs must I rest my selfe.

*Enter Edward.*

*Edw.* Smile gentle heauens, or strike vngentle death,  
That we may die vnlesse we gaine the day:  
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen,  
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house?

*Enter George.*

*George.* Come brother come, lets to the field againe,  
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:  
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troopes,  
Least they retire now we haue left the field.

*War.* How now my Lords, what hap? what hope of good?

*Enter Richard running.*

*Rich.* Ah *Warwicke*, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe?  
Thy noble father in the thickest throngs,  
Cride still for *Warwicke*, his thrice valiant sonne,  
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,  
And many wounds made in his aged brest,  
And as he tottring sate vpon his steede,  
He waft his hand to me, and cride aloud,  
*Richard*, commend me to my valiant sonne,  
And still he cride, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,  
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,  
And so the noble *Salsbury* gaue vp the ghost.

*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with his blood,  
Ile kill my horse, because I will not flie:  
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,  
Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field,

Till

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Till I am full reuenged for his death.

*Edw.* Lord *Warwicke*, I do bend my knees with thine,  
And in that vow now ioyne my soule to thee,  
Thou setter vp and puller downe of Kings,  
Vouchsafe a gentle victory to vs,  
Or let vs die before we lose the day.

*George.* Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiors harts,  
And call them pillars that will stand to vs,  
And highly promise to remunerate  
Their trusty seruice, in these dangerous warres.

*Rich.* Come, come away, and stand not to debate,  
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.  
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part  
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe,  
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.  
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,  
To see these dire mishaps continue so.

*Warwicke*, farewell.

*War.* Away, away, once more sweet Lords farewell.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmes*, and then enter *Richard* at one doore,  
and *Clifford* at the other.

*Rich.* A *Clifford*, a *Clifford*.

*Clif.* A *Richard*, a *Richard*.

*Rich.* Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* and young *Rutlands* death,  
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,  
Shall lop thy limbes, and slice thy curfed heart,  
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.

*Clif.* Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,  
This is the hand that stab'd thy father *Yorke*,  
And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland*,  
And heere's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,  
And cheeres these hands that slew thy Sire and Brother,  
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,  
And so haue at thee.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Alarmer. They fight, and then enters Warwick and rescues  
Richard, and then exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmer Still, and then enter Henry sixth.*

*Hen.* Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,  
And set some endes to these incessant griefes.  
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,  
This wofull battaile doth continue still,  
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,  
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.  
Oh, would my death might stay these ciuill iars!  
Would I had neuer rais'd, nor reue bene King.  
*Margaret and Clifford, chide me from the field,*  
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence.  
Would God that I were dead, so all were well,  
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content  
To yeeld it them, and liue a priuate life.

*Enter a Soldiour with a dead man in his armes.*

*Soul.* Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,  
This man that I haue slaine in fight to day,  
May be possessed of some store of crownes,  
And I will search to finde them if I can.  
But stay; methinkes it is my fathers face:  
Oh I, tis he whom I haue slaine in fight.  
From London was I prest out by the King;  
My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,  
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:  
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,  
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

*Enter another soldiour with a dead man.*

*2. Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,  
Now let me see what store of gold thou hast.  
But stay, methinks this is no famous face:  
Oh no, it is my sonne that I haue slaine in fight,

*Oh.*



*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Oh monstrous times, begetting such euent,  
How cruell, bloody, and ironous,  
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget.  
Poore boy, thy father gaue thee life too late,  
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too soone,

*King.* Woe about woe, grieve more then common grieve,  
Whil'ft Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,  
Poore Lambes do feele the rigour of their wraths:  
The red Rose and the white are on his face,  
The fatall colours of our struiuing houses.  
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish,  
For if you strue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. *Soul.* How will my mother for my fathers death,  
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

2. *Soul.* How will my wife for slaughter of my sonne,  
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

*King.* How will the people now misdeeme their King,  
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

1. *Soul.* Was euer sonne so rude, his fathers blood to spill?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall, his sonne to kill?

*King.* Was euer King thus greued and vexed still?

1. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,  
For woe is me to see my fathers face.

*Exit with his father.*

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,  
For I haue murdered where I should not kill.

*Exit with his sonne.*

*King.* Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,  
Here sits a King, as woe begon as thee.

*Alarmes, and enter the Queene.*

*Queene.* Away my Lord, to Barwicke presently,  
The day is lost, our friends are murdered,  
No helpe is left for vs, therefore away.

*Enter Prince Edward.*

*Prince.* Oh father lie, our men haue left the field,

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

*Enter Exeter.*

*Exet.* Away my Lord, for vengeance comes along with him:  
Nay stand not to expostulate, make haste,  
Or else come after, Ile away before.

*K. Hen.* Nay stay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

*Enter Clifford wounded, with an Arrow  
in his necke.*

*Clif.* Heere burnes my Candle out,  
That whilst it lasted, gaue King *Henry* light.  
Ah Lancaster, I feare thine ouerthrow,  
More then my bodies parting from my soule.  
My loue and feare glude many friends to thee,  
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.  
Impairing *Henry*, strengthened misproud *Yorke*,  
The common people swarme like summer flies,  
And whether flies the Gnats, but to the sunne?  
And who shines now, but *Henries* enemy?  
Oh *Phœbus*, hadst thou neuer giuen consent,  
That *Phaeton* should checke thy fiery steedes,  
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.  
And *Henry*, hadst thou liu'd as Kings should do,  
And as thy father and his father did,  
Giuing no foote vnto the house of *Yorke*,  
I and ten thousand in this wofull Land,  
Had left no mourning widdowes for our deaths,  
And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.  
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle aire?  
And what makes robbers bold, but lenity?  
Bootlesse are plaints, and curelesse are my wounds,  
No way to flie, no strength to hold out flight,  
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,  
And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.  
The ayre is got into my bleeding wounds,  
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint,  
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke* and the rest,

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

I stab'd your fathers, now come split my breast.

*Enter Edward, Richard, Warwicke, and Souldiors.*

*Edw.* Thus farre our fortunes keepe an vppward  
Course, and we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.  
Some troopes pursue the bloudy minded Queene,  
That now towards *Barwick* doth poste amaine,  
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away with them?

*War.* No, tis impossible he should escape,  
Eor though before his face I speake the words,  
Your brother *Richard* markt him for the graue.  
And where so ere he be, I warrant him dead.

*Clifford grones, and then dies.*

*Edw.* Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leaue?

*Rich.* A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.

*Edw.* See who it is, and now the battailes ended,  
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vsed.

*Rich.* Reuerse that doome of mercy, for tis *Clifford*,  
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,  
And stab'd our Princely father, Duke of *Yorke*.

*War.* From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the  
Head, Your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there:  
Instead of that, let his supply the roome.  
Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatall Scritchowle to our house,  
That nothing iung to vs but bloud and death,  
Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.

*War.* I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.  
Say *Clifford*, dost thou know who speakes to thee?  
Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,  
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we say.

*Rich.* Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,  
And tis his pollicy that in the time of death,  
He might auoid such bitter stormes as he  
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

*George.* Richard, if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager words.

*Rich.* Clifford, aske mercy and obtaine no grace.

*Edw.*



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

*War.* Clifford, devise excuses for thy fault.

*George.* Whilst we devise fell tortures for thy fault.

*Rich.* Thou pittiedst *Torke*, and I am sonne to *Torke*.

*Edw.* Thou pittiedst *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.

*George.* Where's eapraime *Margaret* to fence you now?

*War.* They mocke thee *Clifford*, sweare as thou wast wont.

*Rich.* What, not an oath? Nay then I know hee's dead:

Tis hard when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.

By this I know hee's dead, and by my soule,

Would this right hand buy but an houres life,

(That I in all contempt might raile at him)

Ide cut it off, and with the issuing bloud,

Stifle the villaine, whose instanced thirst,

*Torke* and young *Rutland* could not satisfie.

*War.* I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,

And reare it in the place your fathers stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned Englands lawfull King.

From thence shall *Warwicke* crosse the seas to France,

And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queene.

So shalt thou finew both these landes together,

And hauing France thy friend, thou needs not dread

The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.

And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.

First, Ile see the Coronation done,

And afterward Ile crosse the seas to France,

To effect this marriage, if it please my Lord.

*Edw.* Euen as thou wilt good *Warwicke* let it be.

But first before we goe, *George* kneele downe,

We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*,

And girt thee with the sword.

Our younger brother *Richard*, Duke of *Gloster*.

*Warwicke* as my selfe shall do and vndo as himselfe pleaseth best.

*Rich.* Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloster*,

For *Glosters* Dukedome is too ominous.

*War.*

*of Torke and Lancaster.*

*War.* Tush, that's a childish obseruation.

*Richard*, be Duke of *Gloster*: Now to London,  
To see these honours in possession.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter two Keepers with Bow and Arrowes.*

*Keeper.* Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,  
And by and by the Deere will come this way.  
But stay, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

*Enter King Henry disguised.*

*Hen.* From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,  
And thus disguisde to grette my natue Land.  
No *Henry*, no, it is no land of thine,  
No bending knee will call thee *Cesar* now,  
No humble suiters sues to thee for right.  
For how canst thou helpe them, and not thy selfe?

*Keeper.* I marry sir, heere's a Deere, his skinne is a  
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,  
This is the King, King *Edward* hath deposde.

*Hen.* My Queene and Sonne, poore soules are gone to *France*,  
And as I heare, the great commanding *Warwicke*,  
To intreate a marriage with the Lady *Bona*.  
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,  
Your labour is but spent in vaine,  
For *Lewis* is a Prince soone won with words,  
And *Warwicke* is a subtile Oratour.  
He laughes, and saies his *Edward* is instalde.  
She weepes, and saies her *Henry* is deposde.  
He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edward*,  
She on his left side, crauing aide for *Henry*.

*Keeper.* What art thou that talkes of Kings and Queens?

*Hen.* More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.

A man at least, and more I cannot be,  
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

*Keeper.* I, but thou talkes, as if thou wert a King thy selfe.

*Hen.* Why so I am in minde, though not in shew?

*Keeper.* And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

N

*Henry.*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Hen.* My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head,  
My crowne is cald Content, a crowne that  
Kings do sildome times enioy.

*Keeper.* And if thou be a King crownd with content,  
Your crowne content and you, must be content  
To go with vs vnto the Officer, for as we thinke,  
You are our quondam King. King *Edward* hath deposde,  
And therefore we charge you in Gods name and the Kings,  
To go along with vs vnto the Officers.

*Hen.* Gods name be fulfilled, your Kings name be  
Obeyde, and be you kings, command and Ile obey.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter King Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, Montague,  
Hastings, and the Lady Grey.*

*K. Edw.* Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloster*,  
This Ladies husband here, Sir *Richard Grey*,  
At the battaile of *S. Albones* did lose his life,  
His lands then were seiz'd on by the conqueror.  
Her sute is now to repossesse those lands,  
And sit in quarrell of the house of *Yorke*,  
The noble gentleman did lose his life,  
In honour we cannot denie her sute.

*Glo.* Your highnesse shall do well to grant it then.

*K. Edw.* I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.

*Glo.* I, is the winde in that doore?

*Clarence.* I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,  
Before the King will grant her humble sute.

*Glo.* He knowes the game, how well he keepes the wind.

*K. Edw.* Widow, come some other time to know our mind.

*Lady.* May it please your Grace, I cannot brooke delaies,  
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.

*K. Ed.* Lords giue vs leaue, we meane to try this widowes wit.

*Cl.* I, good leaue haue you.

*Glo.* For you will haue leaue, till youth take leaue,  
And leaue you to your crouch.

*K. Ed.* Come hither widow, how many children hast thou?

*Cl.*



*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Cl.* I thinke he meanes to beg a childe on her.

*Glo.* Nay whip me then, hee'l rather giue her two.

*La.* Three, my most gracious Lord.

*Glo.* You shall haue foure if you will be rulde by him.

*K. Ed.* Wer't not pitty they should lose their fathers lands?

*La.* Be pittifull then dread Lord, and grant it them.

*K. Edw.* Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.

*La.* So shall you binde me to your highnesse seruice.

*K. Edw.* What seruice wilt thou do me, if I grant it them?

*La.* Euen what your highnesse shall command.

*Glo.* Nay then widow Ile warrant you all your  
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he  
Commands. Fight close, or in good faith  
You catch a clap.

*Cl.* Nay I feare her not vnlesse she fall.

*Glo.* Marry godsforbot man, for hee'l take vantage then.

*La.* Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?

*K. Edw.* An easie taske, tis but to loue a King.

*La.* That's soone performd, because I am a subiect.

*K. Ed.* Why then thy husbands lands I freely giue thee.

*La.* I take my leaue with many thousand thanks.

*Cl.* The match is made, she seales it with a curtsie.

*K. Edw.* Stay widdow stay, what loue dost thou thinke  
I sue so much to get?

*La.* My humble seruice, such as subiects owes, and the lawes  
commands.

*K. Edw.* No by my rooth, I meant no such loue,  
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

*La.* To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.

*K. Ed.* Why then thou canst not get thy husbands lands.

*La.* Then mine honesty shall be my dower,  
For by that losse I will not purchase them.

*K. Edw.* Herein thou wrongst thy children mightily.

*La.* Herein your highnesse wrongs both them and  
Me, but mighty Lord, this merry inclination  
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.

Please it your highnesse to dismiss me, either with I or no.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*K. Edw.* I, if thou say I to my request,  
No, if thou say no to my demand.

*Lady.* Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.

*Glo.* The widdow likes him not, she bends the brow.

*Cl.* Why he is the bluntest wooer in Christendome.

*K. Edw.* Her lookes are all replete with maiesty,  
One way or other she is for a King,  
And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.  
Say that King *Edward* tooke thee for his Queene.

*Lady.* Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,  
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,  
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

*King Edw.* Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake  
No more then what my heart intends,  
And that is to enioy thee for my Loue.

*Lady.* And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,  
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,  
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

*K. Edw.* You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.

*La.* Your grace would be loath my sons shold call you father.

*K. Edw.* No more then when my daughters call thee mother.  
Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some children,  
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,  
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing  
To be the Father of many children.

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

*Glo.* The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

*Cl.* When he was made a shriuer, 'twas for shift.

*K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow  
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange  
If I should marry her.

*Cl.* Marry her my Lord, to whom?

*K. Edw.* Why *Clarence* to my selfe.

*Glo.* That would be ten dayes wonder at the least.

*Cl.* Why that's a day longer then a wonder lasts.

*Glo.* And so much more are the wonders in extremes.

*K. Edw.* Well, ieaft on brothers, I can tell you, her

Sute

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* And it please your grace, *Henry* your foe is  
Taken, and brought as prisoner to your Pallace gates.

*K. Edw.* Away with him, and send him to the Tower,  
And lets go question with the man about  
His apprehension. Lords along, and vs  
This Lady honourably.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Manet Gloster, and speakes.*

*Glo.* I, *Edward* will vs women honorably,  
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,  
That from his loynes no issue might succeed,  
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,  
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.  
First is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry*,  
And his sonne, and all they looke for issue  
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my selfe.  
A cold premeditation for my purpose,  
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?  
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,  
And lull my selfe within a Ladies lap,  
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.  
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!  
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.  
And for I should not deale in her affaires,  
She did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,  
And plac'd an enuious mountaine on my backe,  
Where sits deformity to mocke my body,  
To dry mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe,  
To make my legs of an vnequall size,  
And am I then a man to be belou'd?  
Easier for me to compasse twenty crownes.  
Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,  
I cry content, to that which greeues me most.  
I can adde colours to the Cameliion,



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And for a need change shapes with *Protheus*,  
And set the aspiring *Catalin* to schoole.  
Can I do this, and cannot get the Crowne?  
Tush, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe. *Exit.*

*Enter King Lewis, and the Lady Bona, Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, with others.*

*Lewis.* Welcome *Queene Margaret*, to the Court of France,  
It fits not *Lewis* to sit while thou dost stand,  
Sit by my side, and heere I vow to thee,  
Thou shalt haue aide to repofesse thy right,  
and beate proud *Edward* from his vsurped seate,  
and place King *Henry* in his former rule.

*Queen.* I humbly thanke your royall Maiefty,  
And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,  
Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

*Enter Warwicke.*

*Lewis.* How now, who is this?

*Queen.* Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edward*s cheefest friend.

*Lewis.* Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to France?

*War.* From worthy *Edward*, King of England,  
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,  
I come in kindnesse and vnfaigned loue,  
First to do greetings to thy royall person,  
And then to craue a league of amity,  
And lastly to confirme that amity  
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant  
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire sister,  
To Englands King in lawfull marriage.

*Qu.* And if this go forward, all our hope is done.

*War.* And gracious Madame, in our Kings behalfe,  
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,  
Humbly to kisse your hand, and with my tongue,  
To tell the passions of my Soueraignes heart,  
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,  
Hath plac'd thy glorious image and thy vertues.

*Queene.*

*of Torke and Lancaster.*

*Queene.* King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,  
Before you answere *Warwicke* or his words,  
For he it is hath done vs all these wrongs.

*War.* Iniurious *Margaret*.

*Prince Edw.* And why not *Queene*?

*War.* Because thy father *Henry* did vsurpe,  
And thou no more art Prince then she is *Queene*.

*Ox.* Then *Warwicke* disanuls great *John of Gaunt*,  
That did subdue the greatest part of *Spaine*,  
And after *John of Gaunt*, wife *Henry* the fourth,  
Whose wisdom was a mirrour to the world.  
and after this wise Prince *Henry* the fift,  
Who with his prowesse conquered all *France*,  
From these our *Henry* is lineally descent.

*War.* Oxford, how haps that in this smoothe discourse,  
You told not how *Henry* the sixt had lost  
All that *Henry* the fift had gotten.  
Methinkes these Peeres of *France* should smile at that,  
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree  
Of threescore and two yeares, a silly time  
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.

*Oxf.* Why *Warwicke*, canst thou deny thy King,  
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and eight yeares,  
and bewray thy treasons with a blush?

*War.* Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,  
Now buckler falshood with a pedigree?  
For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* king.

*Oxf.* Call him my king, by whom mine elder  
Brother the Lord *Aubray Vere* was done to death,  
And more then so, my father euen in the  
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,  
When age did call him to the doore of death?  
No *Warwicke*, no, whil' st life vpholds this arme,  
This arme vpholds the house of *Lancaster*.

*War.* And I the house of *Torke*.

*K. Lewis.* *Queene Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and  
*Oxford*, vouchsafe to forbear a while,

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.  
Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honor tell me true;  
Is *Edward* lawfull King, or no?  
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.

*War*. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credite.

*Lewis*. VVhat, is he gracious in the peoples eyes?

*War*. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.

*Lewis*. VVhat, is his loue to our Sister *Bona*?

*War*. Such it seemes,

As may befeeme a Monarch like himselfe.  
My selfe haue often heard him say and sweare,  
That this his loue was an eternall plant,  
The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground,  
The leaues and fruite maintain'd with beauties sunne,  
Exempt from enuy, but not from disdaine,  
Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.

*Lew*. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolute.

*Bona*. Your grant or deniall shall be mine,  
But ere this day I must confesse, when I  
Haue heard your Kings deserts recounted,  
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.

*Lew*. Then draw neere *Queene Margaret*, and be a witnesse,  
That *Bona* shall be wife to the English King.

*Prince Edw*. To *Edward*, but not the English King.

*War*. *Henry* now liues in Scotland at his ease,  
VVhere hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,  
And as for you your selfe, our *quondam* *Queene*,  
You haue a father able to maintaine your state,  
And better 'twere to trouble him then France.

*Sound for a Poste within.*

*Lewis*. Heere comes some Poste *Warwicke*, to thee or vs.

*Poste*. My Lord ambassador, this Letter is for you,  
Sent from your brother, *Marquesse Montague*.  
This from our King, vnto your Maiesty.  
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

*Oxf*. I like it well, that our faire *Queene* and *Mistresse*,

Smiles



*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Smiles at her newes, when *Warwicke* frets at his.

*P. Ed.* And marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were netled.

*Lew.* Now *Margaret & Warwicke*, what are your newes?

*Queen.* Mine is such, as fills my heart with ioy.

*War.* Mine, full of sorrow and hearts discontent.

*Lew.* What, hath your King married the Lady Gray.

And now to excuse himselfe, sends vs a poste of papers?

How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

*Qu.* This prooueth *Edwards* loue, and *Warwicks* honesty.

*War.* King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heauen,

And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,

That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards*.

No more my King, for he dishonors me,

And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the house of *Yorke*,

My father came to an vntimely death?

Did I let passe the abuse done to thy Neece?

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?

And thrust King *Henry* from his natiue home?

And (most vngratefull) doth he vse me thus?

My gracious Queene, pardon what is past,

And henceforth I am thy true seruitor:

I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady *Bona*,

And replant *Henry* in his former state.

*Q.* Yes *Warwick*, Ile quite forget thy former faults,

If now thou wilt become King *Henries* friend.

*War.* So much his friend, I his vnfaigned friend,

That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish vs

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,

And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,

Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.

*Lew.* Then at the last I firmly am resolu'd

You shall haue aide: and English messenger, returne

In post, and tell false *Edward* thy supposed King,

That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers,

To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

O

*Bona.*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Bona.* Tell him in hope hee'l be a widdower shortly,  
He weare the willow garland for his sake,

*Queene.* Tell him my mourning weeds be laide aside,  
And I am ready to put armour on,

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore He vncrowne him er't be long.  
There's thy reward, be gone.

*Exit Mes.*

*Lewis.* But now tell me *Warwicke*, what assurance  
I shall haue of thy true loyalty?

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyalty,  
If that our *Queene* and this young Prince agree,  
He ioyne mine eldest daughter and my ioy  
To him forthwith in holy wedlocke bands.

*Queene.* With all my hart, that match I like full well,  
Loue her sonne *Edward*, she is faire and young,  
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.

*Lewis.* It is enough, and now we will prepare,  
To leuie soldiors for to goe with you.  
And you Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admirall,  
Shall waite them safely to the English coast,  
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring trance,  
For mocking marriage with the name of *France*.

*War.* I came from *Edward* as Embassador,  
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:  
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,  
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.  
I was the cheefe that raisde him to the Crowne,  
And He be cheefe to bring him downe againe,  
Not that I pittie *Henries* misery,  
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockery.

*Exit.*

*Enter King Edward, the Queene, Clarence, Gloster, Montague,  
Hastings, and Penbrooke, with soldiors.*

*Edw.* Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloster,

What

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

What thinke you of our marriage with the Lady Grey?

*Cla.* My Lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and *Lewis*  
That are so slacke in iudgement, that they will take  
No offence at this sudden marriage.

*Edw.* Suppose they do, they are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*,  
And I am both your King and *Warwicks*.  
And will be obeyed.

*Glo.* And shall, because our King, but yet such  
Sudden marriages sildome proueth well.

*Edw.* Yea brother *Richard*, are you against vs too?

*Glo.* Not I my Lord, no, God forefend, that I  
Should once gainsay your highnesse pleasure,  
I, and twere pittie to sunder them that yoke so well together.

*Edw.* Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,  
Shew me some reasons why the Lady Grey,  
May not be my Loue, and Englands Queene?  
Speake freely *Clarence*, *Glocester*,  
*Montague*, and *Hastings*.

*Cla.* My Lord, then this is mine opinion,  
That *Warwicke* being dishonored in his Embassage,  
Doth seeke reuenge to quit his iniuries.

*Glo.* And *Lewis* in regard of his sisters wrongs,  
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke* to supplant your state.

*Ed.* Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwicke* be appeasde,  
By such meanes as I can best deuise.

*Mont.* Bur yet to haue ioyned with France in this  
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our  
Common-wealth, gainst forraine stormes,  
Then any home-bred marriage.

*Hast.* Let England be true within it selfe,  
We need not France, nor any alliance with them.

*Cla.* For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserues,  
To haue the daughter and heyre of the Lord *Hungerford*.

*Edw.* And what then? it was our will it should be so,

*Cla.* I, and for such a thing too the Lord *Scales*  
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the  
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
Brothers to go seeke else-where, but in your madnesse  
You bury brother-hood.

*Edw.* Alas poore Clarence, is it for a wife  
That thou art male-content,  
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.

*Cla.* Nay, you playde the broker so ill for your selfe,  
That ye shall giue me leaue to make my choise  
As I thinke good: and to that intent  
I shortly meane to leaue you.

*Edw.* Leaue me, or tarry, I am full resolu'd,  
Edward will not be ty'd to his brothers willes.

*Qu.* My Lords, do me but right,  
And you must confesse, before it pleas'd his highnesse  
To aduance my state to Title of a Queene,  
That I was not ignoble from my birth.

*Edw.* Forbeare my Loue to fawne vpon their frownes,  
For thee they must obey, nay shall obey,  
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

*Mont.* My Lord, here is the Messenger return'd from France.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Ed.* Now firra, what letters? Or what newes?

*Mes.* No Letters my Lord,  
And such Newes, as without your highnesse pardon,  
I dare not relate.

*Ed.* We pardon thee, and (as neere as thou canst) tell me,  
What saide Lewis to our Letters?

*Mes.* At my departure these were his very wordes.  
Go tell false Edward thy supposed King,  
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,  
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

*Ed.* Is Lewis so braue? Belike, he thinkes me *Henry*.  
But what sayde Lady *Bona* to these wrongs?

*Mes.* Tell him, quoth she, in hope heel proue a widdower  
Shortly, Ile weare a willow Garland for his sake.

*Ed.* She had the wrong,  
Indeed she could say little lesse. But what saide *Henries* Queene,  
For

*Torke and Lancaster.*

For as I heare, she was then in place?

*Mef.* Tell him quoth she, my mourning weeds be done,  
And I am ready to put armour on.

*Ed.* Then belike she meanes to play the Amazon.  
But what saide *Warwicke* to these iniuries?

*Mef.* He more incensed then the rest my Lord,  
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

*Ed.* Ha, durst the Traitor breath out such proud words?  
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.

But what is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?

*Mef.* I my good Lord, they are so linkt in friendship,  
That young Prince Edward marries *Warwicke's* daughter.

*Cla.* The elder, belike *Clarence* shall haue the yonger.  
All you that loue me and *Warwicke* follow me.

*Exit Clarence and Somerset.*

*Ed.* *Clarence* and *Somerset* fled to *Warwicke*,  
What say you brother *Richard*, will you stand to vs?

*Glo.* I my Lord, in despite of all that shall withstand you.  
For why hath Nature made me halt downe right,  
But that I should be valiant and stand to it:  
For if I would, I cannot runne away,

*Edw.* Penbrooke, go raise an army presently,  
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night  
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,  
Ile march to meete proud *Warwicke*, ere he land  
Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.  
But ere I go, *Montague* and *Hastings*,  
You aboue all the rest are neere allyed  
In blood to *Warwicke*: therefore tell me,  
If you fauour him more then me, or not.  
Speake truly, for I had rather haue you open enemies,  
Then hollow friends.

*Mont.* So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.

*Hast.* And *Hastings*, as he fauours Edwards cause,

*Edw.* It shall suffice, Come then let's march away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter Warwicke and Oxford with Soldiours.*

*War.* Trust me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,  
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,  
But see where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes,  
Speake suddenly my Lords, are we all friends?

*Cla.* Feare not that my Lord.

*War.* Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,  
And welcome *Somerſet*, I hold it cowardise,  
To rest mistrustfull, where a noble heart  
Hath pawnd an open hand in signe of loue,  
Else might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,  
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,  
But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my daughter shall be thine.  
And now what rests but in nights couerture,  
Thy brother being carlesly encampt,  
His soldiors lurking in the towne about,  
And but attended by a simple guard,  
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure,  
Our scouts haue found the aduenture very easie,  
Then cry king *Henry* with resolved mindes,  
And breake we presently into his Tent.

*Cla.* Why then lets on our way in silent sort,  
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and S. George.

*War.* This is his tent, and see where his guard doth stand,  
Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,  
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.

*All.* A *Warwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

*Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.*

*Oxf.* Who goes there?

*War.* *Richard* and *Hastings*, let them go, heere is the Duke.

*Edw.* The Duke, why *Warwicke* when we parted  
Last, thou calledst me King.

*War.* I, but the case is altered now.  
When you disgrac't me in my Embassage,  
Then I disgrac't you from being King,

And



*Torke and Lancaster.*

And now am come to create you Duke of *Torke*,  
Alasse, how should you gouerne any kingdome,  
That knowes not how to vse Embassadors,  
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly,  
Nor how to shroud your selfe from enemies.

*Edw.* Well *Warwicke*, let fortune do her worst,  
*Edward* in minde will beare himselfe a King.

*War.* Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,  
But *Henry* now shall weare the English Crowne.  
Go conuay him to our brother Archbishop of *Torke*,  
And when I haue fought with *Penbroke* and his followers,  
He come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* saies,  
And so for a while farwell good Duke of *Torke*.

*Exit some with Edward.*

*Cla.* What followes now? all hitherto goes well,  
But we must dispatch some letters into France,  
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,  
And bid her come with speed to ioyne with vs.

*War.* I that's the first thing that we haue to do,  
And free King *Henry* from imprisonment,  
And see him seated in his Regall Throne.  
Come lets haste away, and hauing past these cares,  
He poste to *Torke*, and see how *Edward* fares. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.*

*Glo.* Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,  
Know that the cause I sent for you is this,  
I looke my brother with a slender traine,  
Should come a hunting in this Forrest heere.  
The Bishop of *Torke* befriends him much,  
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,  
Now I haue priuily sent him word,  
How I am come with you to rescue him,  
and see where the huntsman and he doth come.

*Enter Edward and a Huntsman.*

*Huntf.* This way my Lord the Deere is gone.

*Edw.*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Edw.* No this way huntsman,  
See where the Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,  
What, are you provided to depart?

*Glo.* I, I, the horse stands at the Parke corner;  
Come, to Lin, and so take shipping into Flanders:

*Ed.* Come then. *Hastings* and *Stanley*,  
I will requite your loves. Byshop farewell,  
Sheeld thee from *Warwicks* frowne,  
And pray that I may repossesse the Crowne.  
Now huntsman, what will you do?

*Hunts.* Marry my Lord, I thinke I had as good  
Go with you, as tarry heere to be hangd.

*Edw.* Come then lets away with speed.

*Exeunt omnes*

*Enter the Queene, and the Lord Rivers.*

*Rivers.* Tell me good Madame,  
Why is your Grace so passionate of late?

*Qu.* Why brother *Rivers*, heare ye not the newes  
Of that successe King *Edward* had of late?

*Rivers.* What? losse of some pitcht battaile against *Warwick*.  
Tush, feare not faire Queene, but cast those cares aside.  
King *Edwards* noble minde, his honours doth display;  
And *Warwicke* may lose, though then he got the day.

*Qu.* If that were all, my greefes were at an end,  
But greater troubles will I feare befall.

*Ri.* What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,  
To the danger of his royall person then?

*Queen.* I ther's my greefe, King *Edward* is surpriz'd,  
And led away as prisoner vnto Yorke.

*Riv.* The newes is passing strange I must confesse;  
Yet comfort your selfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,  
Then *Lancaster* at this time must perceyue,  
That some will set him in his Throne againe.

*Qu.* God grant they may; but gentle brother come,  
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,  
Vntill I come vnto the Sanctuary,  
There to preferue the fruite within my wombe,

King

*of Torke and Lancaster.*

King Edwards seed, true heire to Englands crowne.

*Exit.*

*Enter Edward and Richard, and Hastings, with a  
troope of Hollanders.*

*Edw.* Thus far from *Belgia* haue we past the seas,  
And marcht from *Raunspur* hauen vnto *Torke*:  
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.

*Rich.* Sound vp the drum, and call them to the wals.

*Enter the Lord Maior of Torke, vpon the wals.*

*Maior.* My Lords we had notice of your comming,  
And that's the cause we stand vpon our guard,  
And shut the gates for to preserue the Towne.  
*Henry* now is king, and we are sworne to him.

*Edw.* Why my Lord Maior, if *Henry* be your king,  
*Edward* I am sure at least, is Duke of *Torke*.

*Maior.* Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.

*Edw.* I craue nothing but my Dukedome.

*Rich.* But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,  
Hee'l quickly make the body follow after.

*Hast.* Why my Lord Maior, what stand you vpon points?  
Open the gates, we are king *Henries* friends.

*Maior.* Say you so, then Ile open them presently.

*Exit Maior.*

*Rich.* By my faith, a wise stout captaine, and soone perswaded

*The Maior opens the doore, and brings the keyes in his hand.*

*Edw.* So my Lord Maior, these gates must not be shut,  
But in the time of warre, giue me the keyes:  
What, feare not man, for *Edward* will defend  
The towne and you, despight of all your foes.

*Enter Sir Iohn Mountgomery, with drum and soldiors.*

How now *Richard*, who is this?

*Rich.* Brother, this is *Sir Iohn Montgommery*,  
A trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiude.

*Edw.* Welcome *Sir Iohn*. Wherefore come you in armes?



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Sir Iohn.* To helpe King *Edward* in this time of stormes,  
As euery loyall subiect ought to do.

*Edw.* Thankes braue *Montgomery*,  
But I onely claime my *Dukedome*,  
Vntill it please God to send the rest.

*Sir Iohn.* Then fare you well. Drum strike vp and let vs  
March away, I came to serue a King, and not a Duke.

*Edw.* Nay stay *sir Iohn*, and let vs first debate,  
With what security we may do this thing.

*Sir Iohn.* What stand you on debating, to be bricfe,  
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our King,  
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe  
That come to succour you, why should we fight,  
When you pretend no title?

*Rich.* Fie brother, stand you vpon tearmes?  
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.

*Edw.* I am resolute once more to claime the crowne,  
And win it too, or else to lose my life.

*Sir Iohn.* I, now my Soueraigne speaketh himselfe,  
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.  
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* shall be proclaimed.

*Edward* the fourth, by the grace of God, king of *England* and  
*France*, and Lord of *Ireland*; and whosoever gainsaies King  
*Edwards* right, by this I challenge him to single fight. Long  
liue *Edward* the fourth.

*All.* Long liue *Edward* the fourth.

*Edw.* We thanke you all. Lord Maior leade on the way.  
For this night wee'l harbour here in *Yorke*,  
And then as early as the morning sunne,  
Lifts vp his beames aboue this horison,  
Wee'l march to *London*, to meete with *Warwicke*,  
And pull false *Henry* from the Regall throne.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Warwicke and Clarence with the Crowne, and then  
King Henry, Oxford, Somerset, and the  
young Earle of Richmond.*

*King.*

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*King.* Thus from the prison to this princely seate,  
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe.

*Clarence and Warwicke,* do you keepe the crowne,  
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,  
And I will spend the remnant of my daies,  
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators praise.

*War.* What answeres Clarence to his Soueraignes will :

*Cla.* Clarence agrees to what king *Henry* likes.

*King.* My Lord of Somerset, what pretty boy  
Is that you seeme to be so carefull of ?

*Som.* If it please your grace, it is young *Henry*,  
Earle of *Richmond*.

*King.* *Henry* of *Richmond*, Come hither pretty Lad.  
If heavenly powers do aime aright  
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretty boy,  
Shalt proue this Countries blisse.  
Thy head is made to weare a princely crowne,  
Thy lookes are all replete with Maiesty,  
Make much of him my Lords,  
For this is he shall helpe you more,  
Then you are hurt by me.

*Enter one with a Letter to Warwicke.*

*War.* What counsell Lords, *Edward* from *Belgia*,  
With hastie Germanes and blunt Hollanders,  
Is past in safety through the narrow seas,  
And with his troopes do march amaine towards *London*,  
And many giddy headed people follow him.

*Oxf.* Tis best to looke to this betimes,  
For if this fire do kindle any further,  
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

*War.* In *Warwickshire* I haue true hearted friends,  
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,  
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne *Clarence*,  
Shalt in *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,  
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And thou brother *Montague*, in Leistershire,  
Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,  
Men well inclinde to do what thou commands,  
And thou braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,  
Shalt in thy Countries muster vp thy friends.  
My Soueraigne with his louing Cittizens,  
Shall rest in London till we come to him.  
Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply,  
Farewell my Soueraigne.

*King*. Farewell my *Hector*, my *Troies* true hope.

*War*. Farwel sweet Lords, lets meete at Couentry.

*All*. Agreed.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Edward and his trame.*

*Edw*. Seize on the shamefac't *Henry*,  
And once againe conuey him to the Tower,  
Away with him, I will not heare him speake.  
And now towards Couentry let vs bend our course,  
To meete with *Warwicke* and his confederates.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Warwicke on the wals.*

*War*. Where is the poste that came from valiant *Oxford*?  
How farre hence is thy Lord, my honest fellow?

*Oxf. poste*. By this at *Daintry* marching hitherward.

*War*. Where is our brother *Montague*?

Where is the Poste that came from *Montague*?

*Poste*. I left him at *Donsmore* with his troopes.

*War*. Say *Summerfield*, where is my louing sonne?  
And by thy guesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence?

*Summer*. At *Southam* my Lord I left him with  
His force, and do expect him two houres hence.

*War*. Then *Oxford* is at hand, I heare his Drum.

*Enter Edward and his power.*

*Glo*. See brother, where the surlie *Warwicke* mans the wall.

*War*. O vnbid spight, is spotfull *Edward* come?  
Where slepe our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That



*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

*Edw.* Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be sorry for thy faults,  
And call *Edward* king, and he will pardon thee.

*War.* Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,  
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe,  
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent?  
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of *Yorke*.

*Glo.* I had thought at least he would haue said the king.  
Or did he make the ieast against his will.

*War.* 'Twas *Warwicke* gaue the kingdome to thy brother.

*Edw.* Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwicks* gift.

*War.* I, but thou art no *Atlas* for so a great a weight,  
And weakling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,  
*Henry* is my king, *Warwicke* his subiect.

*Edw.* I prethee gallant *Warwicke* tell me this,  
What is the body when the head is off?

*Glo.* Alasse, that *Warwicke* had no more foresight,  
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,  
The king was finely fingred from the decke.  
You left poore *Henry* in the Bishops pallace,  
And ten to one you'l meete him in the Tower.

*Edw.* Tis euen so, and yet you are old *Warwicke* still.

*War.* O cheerefull colours, see where *Oxford* comes.

*Enter Oxford, with drum and souldiors.*

*Ox.* *Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.*

*Exit.*

*Ed.* The gates are open, see, they enter in,  
Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the streetes.

*Glo.* No, so some other might set vpon our backes,  
Wee'l stay till all be entered, and then follow them.

*Enter Somerset, with Drum and soldiors.*

*Som.* *Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.*

*Exit.*

*Glo.* Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerset*,  
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of *Yorke*,  
And thou shalt be the third, if my sword hold.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Enter Montague, with Drum and Soldiers.*

*Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.*

*Exit.*

*Edw. Traiterous Montague, thou and thy brother  
Shall deerely abide this rebellious acte.*

*Enter Clarence with Drum and Soldiers.*

*War. And loe where George of Clarence sweepes along,  
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.*

*Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.*

*Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Caesar too?  
A parlie firra, to George of Clarence.*

*Sound a parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers together, and then  
Clarence takes his red Rose out of his Hat, & throwes it at Warwick*

*War. Come Clarence, come, thou wilt if Warwicke call.*

*Cla. Father of Warwicke, know you what this meanes?  
I throw mine infamy at thee,  
I will not ruinate my fathers house,  
(Who gaue his blood to lime the stones together)  
And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou,  
That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,  
To lift his sword against his brothers life,  
And so proud hearted Warwicke I defie thee,  
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes,  
Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,  
And Richard do not frowne vpon me.  
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.*

*Edw. Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,  
Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.*

*Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherly.*

*War. Oh passing traitor, periur'd and vniust.*

*Edw. Now Warwicke, wilt thou leaue  
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the  
Stones about thine eares?*

*War. Why I am not coopt vp heere for defence,  
I will away to Barnet presently,*

*And*

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

And bid thee battaile, *Edward* if thou dar'st.

*Edw.* Yes *Warwicke* he dares, and leades the way,  
Lords to the field, *Saint George* and victory.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Alarmes, and then enter Warwicke wounded.*

*War.* Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,  
And tell me who is victor, *Torke* or *Warwicke*?  
Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,  
That I must yeeld my body to the earth.  
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,  
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,  
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princely Eagle,  
Vnder whose shade the rampant Lyon slept,  
Whose top branch ouer-peerd *Ioues* spreading tree,  
The wrinckles in my browes now filld with blood,  
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchers.  
For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?  
And who durst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?  
Loe now my glory smeard in dust and blood,  
My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,  
Euen now forsake me, and of all my Lands,  
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

*Enter Oxford and Somerset.*

*Oxf.* Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,  
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.  
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from *France*,  
And at *South-hampton* landed all her traine,  
And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

*War.* Why then I would not flie, nor haue I now,  
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to ods,  
For many wounds receiu'd, and many more repaide,  
Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,  
And spite of spites needs must I yeeld to death.

*Som.* Thy brother *Montague* hath breath'd his last,

And



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

And at the pangs of death I heard him cry  
And say, Commend me to my valiant brother:  
And more he would haue spoke, and more he saide,  
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,  
That could not be distinguisht for the sound,  
And so the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghost.

*War.* What is pompe, rule, reigne, but earth and dust?  
And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.  
Sweet rest his soule, flye Lords, and saue your selues,  
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell to meete in heauen.

*He dyes.*

*Oxf.* Come Noble Somerset, let's take our horse,  
And cause retreate be sounded through the Campe,  
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,  
May be forewarn'd, and saue themselues by flight.  
That done, with them weell poste vnto the Queene,  
And once more try our fortune in the field.

*Exit ambo.*

*Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, with  
Soldiers.*

*Edw.* Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,  
And girt our temples with triumphant ioyes.  
The big-bon'd traitor *Warwicke* hath breath'd his last,  
And heauen this day hath smil'd vpon vs all.  
But in this cleare and brightsome day,  
I see a blacke suspitious clowd appeare,  
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,  
Before he gaine his easefull westerne beames;  
I meane those pow'rs which the Queene hath got in France  
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

*Glo.* Oxford and Somerset are fled to her,  
And 'tis likely, if she haue time to breath,  
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

*Edw.* We are aduertisde by our louing friends,  
That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury:  
Thither will we, for willingnesse ride way:

And

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

And in euery Country as we passe along,  
Our strengths shall be augmented.  
Come lets go, for if we slacke this bright summers day,  
Sharpe winters showers will marre our hope for haie.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford and Somerset,  
with Drum and Soldiours.*

*Queene.* Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,  
And welcome *Somerset*, and *Oxford* too.  
Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,  
and though our tackling be almost consumde,  
and *Warwicke* as our maine Mast ouerthrowne,  
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie poste,  
That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,  
and *Ned* and I as willing Pilots should,  
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,  
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe  
That heeretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.

*Prince.* And if there be (as God forbid there should)  
amongst vs a timerous or fearefull man,  
Let him depart before the battailes ioyne,  
Least he in time of need entice another,  
and so withdraw the soldiours hearts from vs.  
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,  
But with my sword prease in the thickest throngs,  
and single *Edward* from his strongest guard,  
and hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,  
Or leaue my body as witnesse of my thoughts,

*Oxf.* Women and children of so high resolute,  
And warriors faint, why twere perpetuall shame.  
Oh braue young Prince, thy noble grandfather  
Doth liue againe in thee,  
Long maist thou liue to beare his image,  
And to renew his glories.

*Som.* And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,  
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day

Q

Be

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*  
Be hift, and wondered at if he arife.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power  
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

*Oxf.* I thought it was his policy to take vs vnprovidid.  
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

*Enter K. Edward, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and souldiers.*

*Edw.* See brothers, yonder stands the thorny wood,  
Which by Gods assistance, and your prowesse,  
Shall with our swords ere night be cleane cut downe.

*Queen.* Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say  
My teares gainsay. For as you see, I drinke  
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this :

*Henry* our King is prisoner in the Tower,  
His land, and all our friends, are quite distrest,  
And yonder stands the Wolfe that makes all this ;  
Then on Gods name Lords together cry, Saint George.

*All.* Saint George for Lancaster.

*Alarmes to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chambers be discharged.*  
*Then enter the King, Clarence, Gloster, and the rest, making a great*  
*shout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queens, Prince,*  
*Oxford, and Somerset are taken, and then sound and enter all a-*  
*gainc.*

*Edw.* Lo here a period of tumultuous broyles,  
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight.  
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.  
Away, I will not heare them speake.

*Oxf.* For my part Ile not trouble thee with words. *Exit Oxf.*

*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my death. *Exit Sum.*

*Edw.* Now Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,  
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?

*Prin.* Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke;  
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,  
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand, kneele thou,  
Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,

Which



*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Which Traitor thou wouldst haue me answer to.

*Qu.* Oh that thy father had bene so resolu'd.

*Glo.* That you might still haue kept your peticote,  
And nere haue stolne the breech from Lancaster.

*Prin.* Let *Aesop* fable in a winters night,  
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.

*Glo.* By heauen brat, ile plague you for that word.

*Qu.* I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

*Glo.* For Gods sake take away this captiue scold.

*Prin.* Nay take away this scolding Crooke-backe rather.

*Edw.* Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

*Cla.* Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapart.

*Prin.* I know my duty, you are all vndutifull.  
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periur'd George,  
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all  
I am your better, Traitors as you be.

*Edw.* Take that, thou likenesse of this railer here. *Stabs him.*

*Qu.* Oh kill me too.

*Glo.* Marry and shall.

*Ed.* Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue done too much alreadie.

*Glo.* Why should she liue to fill the world with words?

*Ed.* What doth she swound?

Make meanes for her recouery.

*Glo.* Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother,  
I must to London on a serious matter,  
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.

*Cla.* About what, prethee tell me?

*Glo.* The Tower man, the Tower: Ile roote them out.

*Exit Gloster.*

*Qu.* Ah Ned, speake to thy Mother boy:  
Ah, thou canst not speake.

Traitors, Tyrants, bloody Homicides,  
They that stab'd *Cesar* shed no blood at all,  
For he was a man; this, in respect a childe,  
And men nere spend their fury on a childe.  
What's worse then Tyrant that I may not name?

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

You haue no children diuels, if you had,  
The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,  
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,  
Looke in his youth to haue him so cur off,  
As traitors you haue done this sweet young Prince.

*Edw.* Away, and beare her hence.

*Queene.* Nay nere beare me hence, dispatch  
Me heere, heere sheathe thy sword,  
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?  
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.

*Cla.* By heauen I would not do thee so much ease.

*Queene.* Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* kill me too.

*Cla.* Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

*Queen.* I, but thou yst to forswear thy selfe,  
Twas sinne before, but now tis charity.  
Where's the diuels butcher, hard-fauoured *Richard*,  
*Richard* where art thou? He is not here,  
Murder is his almes-deed,  
Petitioners for blood, hee'l nere put backe.

*Edw.* Away I say, and take her hence perforce,  
*Qu.* So come to you and yours, as to this Prince.

*Exit.*

*Edw.* Clarence, whether is Gloster gone?

*Cla.* Marry my Lord to London, and as I guesse,  
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

*Edw.* He is sudden if a thing come in his head.  
Well, discharge the common soldiours with pay  
and thanks, and now lets toward London,  
To see our gentle *Queene* how she doth fare,  
For by this I hope she hath a sonne for vs.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gloster to King Henry in the Tower.*

*Glo.* Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?

*Hen.* I my good Lord. Lord I should say rather,  
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,  
Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,  
What scene of death hath *Rosine* now to acte?

*Glo.* Suspition alwaies haunts a guilty minde.

*Hen.*

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Hen.* The bird once limde, doth feare the fatall bush,  
And I the haplesse maile to one poore bird,  
Haue now the fatall obiekt in mine eie,  
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kild.

*Glo.* Why, what a foole was that of *Crete*?  
That taught his soune the office of a bird,  
And yet for all that the poore Fowle was drownd.

*Hen.* I *Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,  
Thy father *Minos* that denide our course,  
Thy brother *Edward*, the sunne that searde his wings,  
And thou the enuieft gulfe that swallowed him.  
Oh better can my breast abide thy daggers point,  
Then can mine eares that tragicke history.

*Glo.* Why dost thou thinke I am an executioner?

*Hen.* A persecutor I am sure thou art,  
And if murdering innocents be executions,  
Then I know thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.

*Hen.* Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,  
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,  
And thus I prophesie of thee.  
That many a widow for her husbands death,  
And many an infants water standing eie,  
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,  
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.  
The Owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,  
The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,  
Dogs howld, and hideous tempests shooke downe trees,  
The Rauens rookt her on the Chimnies top;  
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,  
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,  
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope,  
To wit: an vndigest created lumpe,  
Not like the fruite of such a goodly tree;  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,  
To signifie thou camst to bite the world,  
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,



*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Thou cam'st into the world *Stabs him*

*Glo.* Die prophet in thy speech, ile heare no more,  
For this amongst the rest was I ordain'd.

*Hen.* I, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God forgive my sinnes, and pardon thee. *He dyes.*

*Glo.* What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted.  
See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.

Now may such purple teares alwayes be shed,  
For such as seeke the downfall of our house. *Stab him agen.*

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither:

I, that haue neither pittie, loue, nor feare.

Indeede twas true that Henry told me of,

For I haue often heard my mother say,

I came into the world with my legges forward.

And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,

And seeke their ruines that vsurp'd our rights?

The women weeping, and the Midwife crying,

O Iesus bleffe vs, he is borne with teeth:

And so I was indeede. Which plainly signified,

That I should snarle and bite, and play the Dogge.

Then, since heauen hath made my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my minde to answer it.

I had no Father, I am like no Father;

I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers;

And this word *Loue*, which gray-beards terme Diuine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me, I am my selfe alone.

*Clarence* beware, thou keptst me from the light,

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:

For I will buz abroad such Prophecies,

Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill,

As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,

And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.

King *Henry*, and the Prince his sonne are gone,

And *Clarence* thou art next must follow them,

So by one and one dispatching all the rest,

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.  
Ile drag thy body in another roome,  
And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome.

*Exit.*

*Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse with the young Prince, and Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and others.*

*Edw.* Once more we sit in Englands throne,  
Repurchast with the blood of enemies,  
What valiant foemen like to *Autumnes* corne,  
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?  
Three Dukes of Somerset, three-fold renownd  
For hardy and vndoubted Champions.  
Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne,  
And two Northumberlands, two brauer men  
Nere spurd their Coursters at the trumpets sound.  
With them the two rough Beares, *Warwicke* and *Mortagne*,  
That in their chaines fettered the Kingly Lion,  
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,  
Thus haue we swept suspicion from our seat,  
And made our footstoole of security.  
Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my boy,  
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles and my selfe,  
Haue in our armours watcht the winters night,  
Marcht all afoot, in summers scalding heate,  
That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,  
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

*Glo.* Ile blast his haruest, if your head were laid,  
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.  
This shoulder was ordaind so thicke to heaue,  
And heaue it shall some weight, or breake my backe,  
Worke thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

*Edw.* Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster,  
Pray loue my louely Queene,  
And kisse your Princely Nephew, both.

*Cla.* The duty that I owe vnto your Maiestty,  
I seale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweete Babe.

*Queene.*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Queene.* Thankes noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thankes.

*Glo.* And that I loue the fruite from whence thou sprangst,  
Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the childe.

To say the truth, so *Iudas* kist his master,  
And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.

*Edw.* Now am I seated as my soule delights,

*Cl.* What will your grace haue done with *Margaret*?

*Reynard* her father, to the King of France

Hath pawnd the *Cicels* and *Ierusalem*,

And hither haue they sent it for a rancome.

*Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to France,

And now what rests, but that we spend the time,

With stately triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,

Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell to sowre annoy,

For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy.

*Exeunt omnes.*

**FINIS.**



